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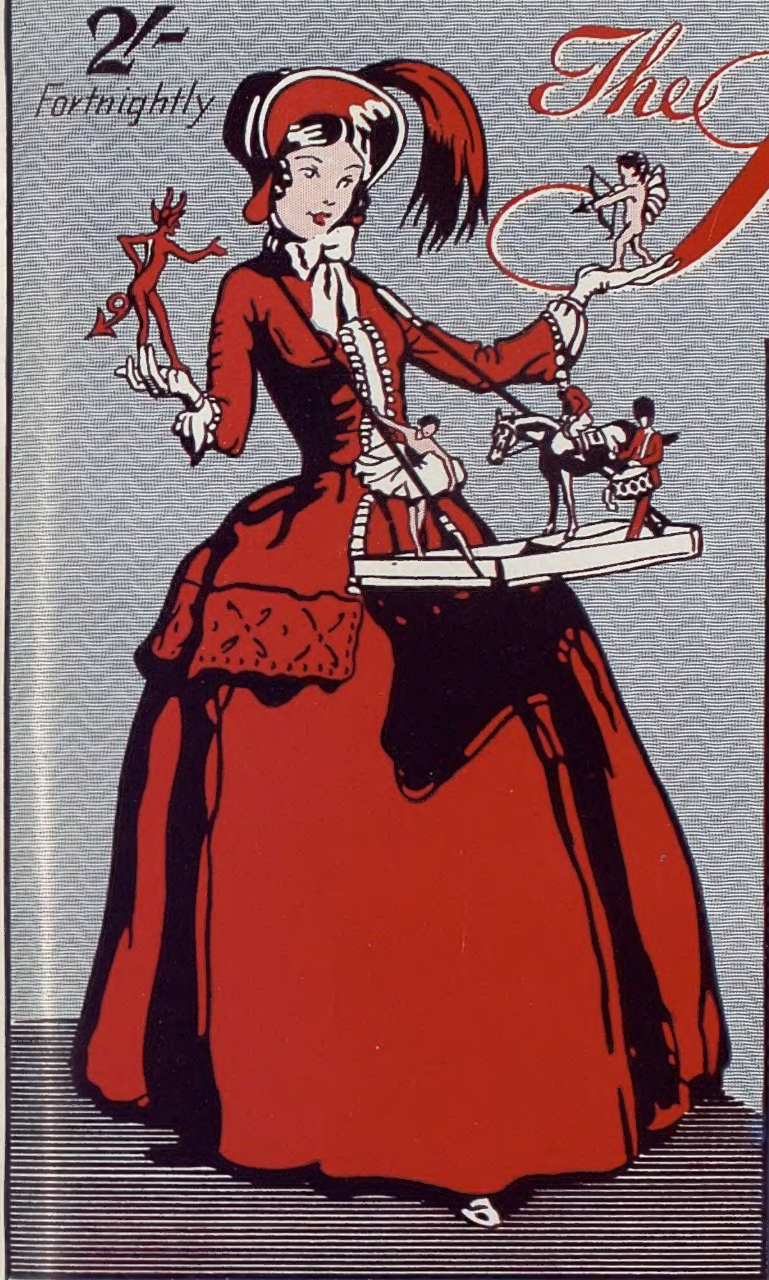
The Sketch



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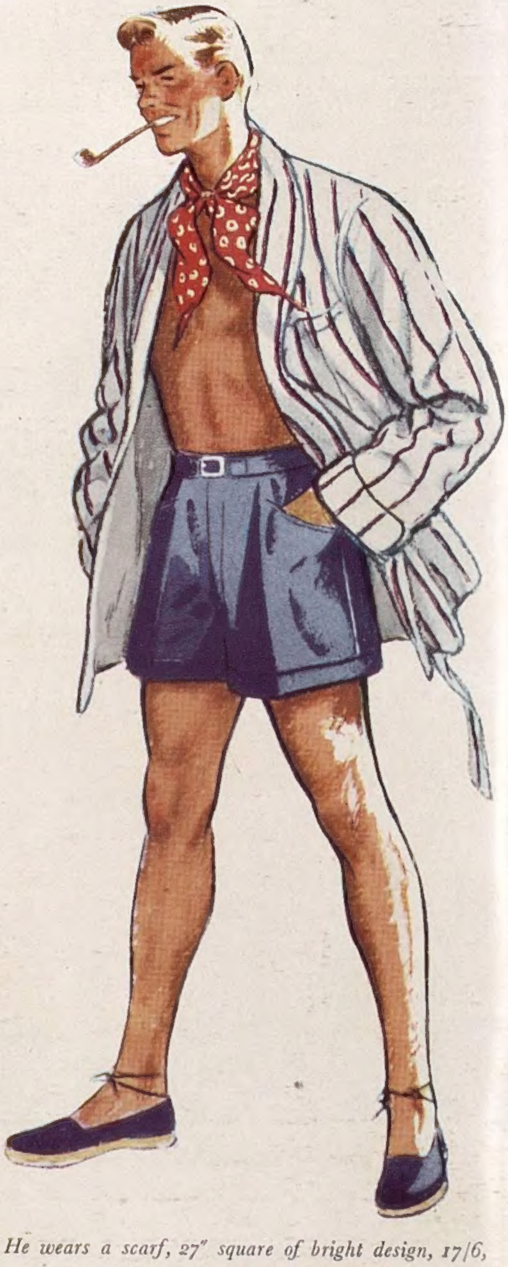

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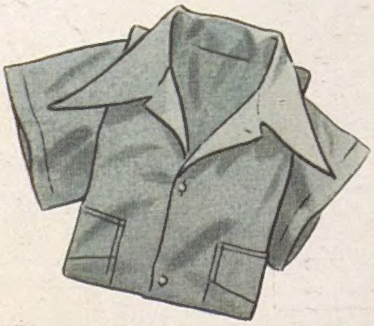

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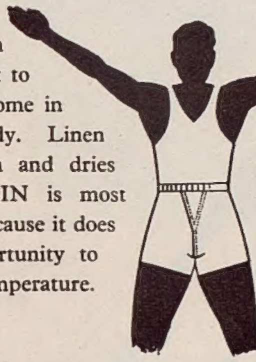

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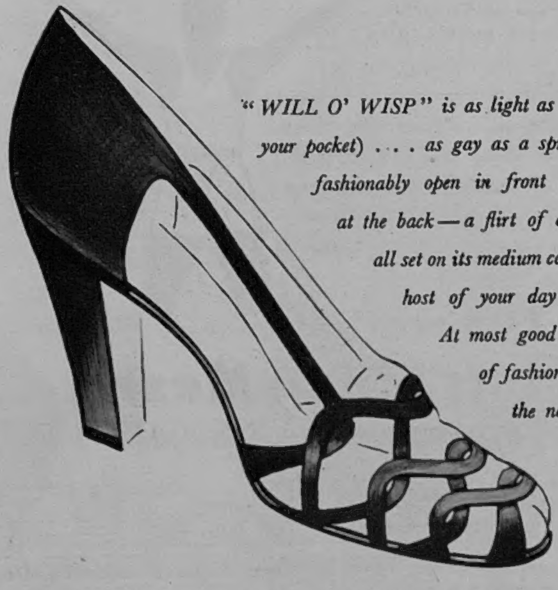

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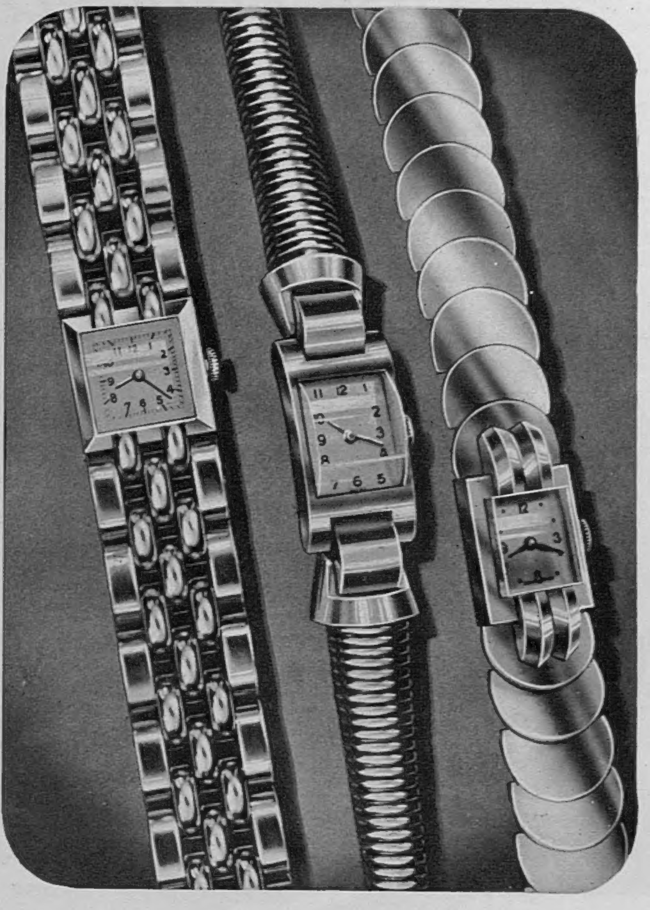

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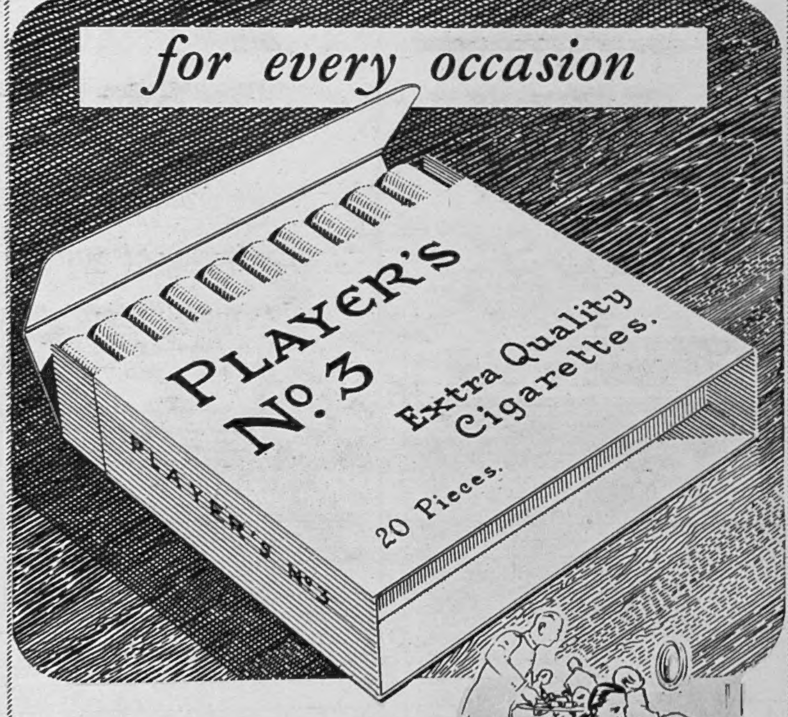

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24"	36"	24"	36"	26"	38"	26"	38"	28"	40"
		26"	38"	26"	36"	28"	40"	30"	42"
		26"	36"	28"	38"	28"	38"	28"	38"
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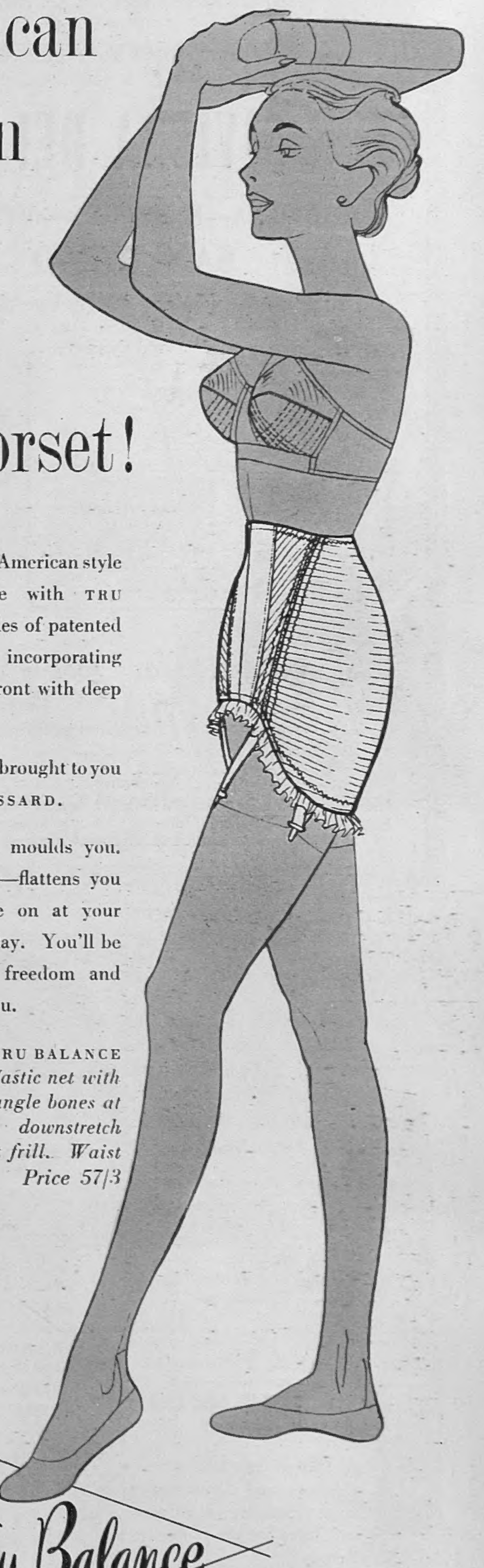

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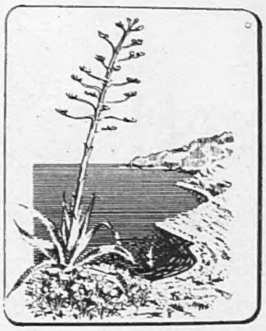

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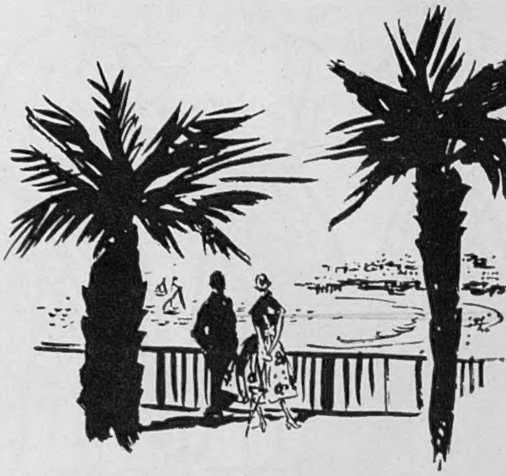

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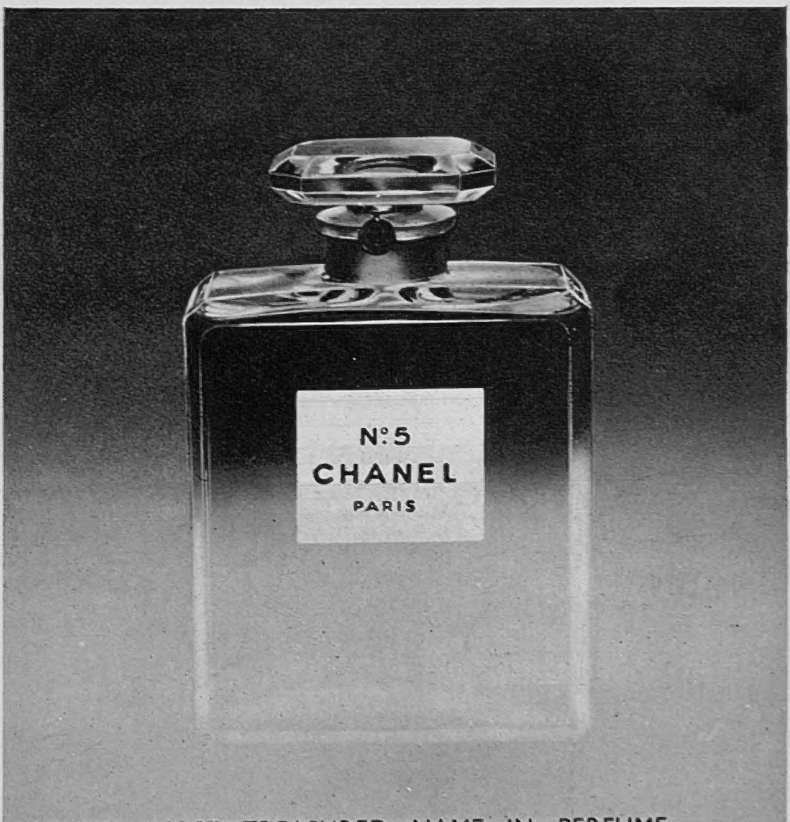

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The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1952

THE QUEEN
AT BADMINTON

Her Majesty the Queen, with the Duke of Beaufort, walking to the Olympic horse trials which were held in the park of Badminton House on April 23, 24 and 25. The Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Margaret stayed with the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort at Badminton for the trials, in which all the horses and riders that had been selected to go into intensive training for the Olympic team were competing.

"It says, 'Air Conditioning by Ajax.'"

Our Motley Notes

By Toby O'Brien

THERE is only one snag in treating one's inside with the contempt which it deserves, and that is that it tends to bide its time, then hit you when you least expect it, with the result that for the last fortnight I have been sick a-bed, and on a delicious diet of milk every two hours. I have nothing against milk, or habitual milk-drinkers, but just now I feel for King Nebuchadnezzar in the poem, who, if you remember, "went out to grass, with the humble ox and the placid ass," and who said :

> *. . . As he tasted this unwonted food,*
> *"It may be wholesome, but it is NOT GOOD."*

Some years before the war, I was smitten in the same way as I am now. The trouble had just been diagnosed by that brilliant little doctor Benjamin Belilovsky, the Tzarina's last doctor, about whom I have a fund of stories which I shall one day recount. "Billy," who went off to Canada a year or two before the war, and with whom I have lost touch, had prescribed a milk diet, and, above all, *no alcohol*. "But," said I in dismay, "to-morrow I am flying to Rheims for the champagne vintage."—"Oh, well—" replied Billy, "but not more than one glass." I went, full of good intentions, but it was one of the admirable vintage week-ends organised by Lawrence Venn, and as we taxied up to the hangars on the military aerodrome, the great steel doors were pushed back by the French equivalent of "erks," revealing a buffet covered with bottles of champagne, and the men who stamped our passports with one hand almost handed us a glass with the other.

There were, at that time, some forty-eight major champagne houses, and we were expected to have at least two glasses in the cellars of most of them—this quite apart from the lunches and banquets in our honour. "Billy's" prescription of just one glass was quite impossible. When we returned (and so good was the champagne that, although we were tasting it from ten in the morning until late at night, each day, I never saw any member of the party even faintly intoxicated) I bared my tummy

somewhat apprehensively for inspection. "Oh, Tobby!" exclaimed Billy, "What *have* you been up to?" To which I replied defiantly, "Drinking champagne."—"I thought so," replied Billy. "You are so much better."

It is a great pity that this most healthy wine has in this country traditionally had to "pay for the band"—that is to say, bear a far higher margin of profit for both wine merchants and restaurants than any other.

Whenever I was in the neighbourhood, I used to call on the Polignacs, who owned Pommery e Greno, and if I came by car, would bring back to this country a case of Pommery. This cost me 4s. 6d. a bottle, plus 2s. 9d. duty. The same 7s. 3d. worth in the war reached the dizzy heights of £10 a bottle. Yet the Polignacs' net share of the £10 had been roughly 6d.—after they had paid for the grapes, the pressing, the bottles (always a very heavy item for any champagne shipper) and the corks and the labour. Curiously enough, champagne has increased in price since the war proportionately less than any other wine, and represents to-day probably the best of all wine bargains. Still, it will be long before people will get it out of their heads that it is the drink of millionaires—a belief enshrined in Belloc's (or was it Chesterton's?) poem written after the Liberal landslide of 1906:

The cursèd power that's based on privilege,
And goes with women and champagne and bridge,
Broke—and Democracy resumed its reign,
Which goes with bridge, and women and champagne.

Incidentally, one famous Left-wing Socialist politician, whose harmless liking for this excellent, if not wholly proletarian, tipple has earned him the title of "the Bollinger Bolshevik," would be doing a service to his fellow-countrymen if he had the courage of his potations and would publicly do something to correct this hoary misconception.

TALKING of champagne corks (and even after having watched the process so many times, it is still a source of wonderment for me how they are originally driven into the bottle) reminds me that the used corks before the war had a definite currency value. I have somewhere among my papers the tariff of a waiters' restaurant in Soho where payment was made entirely in corks. The highest price paid for a cork was 2s. 9d., the lowest 1s. While I was there, the wine waiter of a famous hotel came in with a suitcase completely full of champagne corks, for which he received a substantial sum of money. This system, which was arranged by the majority of shippers to push their wares, accounted for the fact that if you showed any hesitation as to which champagne to choose, the wine waiter would naturally tend to recommend the, in consequence well-known, but to my mind inferior, champagne which carried the 2s. 9d. reward. It also accounted for the fact that Krug, which, with its almost greenish tint and unique flavour, I esteem above all other champagnes, was, and remains to this day, the least-known of all the champagne houses. For the proprietors of Krug would never enter the cork-selling ring. The war, of course, killed it, but it would be interesting to know whether, now that money is tight and it is therefore necessary once more to indulge in salesmanship with regard to wine, the system has been revived.

". . . and after you've shown it to all your friends, we'll sell it and get married."

I ONCE had to organise the visit of and look after a delegation of editors of newspapers from West Africa. As a result, I still get a certain number of copies from the West African friends I have made. Only fitfully now, to my sorrow, do I hear from one of the nicest of them—Abubakar Iman, the picturesque editor of a Hausa paper, whose Northern Nigerian robes caused as much interest as the name of his publication. This was *Gaskiya Fa Ti Kwabo*, which, being interpreted, means "Truth is Worth more than a Penny"—and by heaven it is!

I am amused to see that one of the best of the West African papers, the *Ashanti Times*, has a penultimate paragraph in a recent issue under the heading "Printer's Pie," which says that in the last paragraph of the previous issue "Please read 'Maternity Clinic for Females, *not* Males!'" Talking of Ashanti, not long before the war I met down at Windsor an officer, still then serving, who claimed to have been the last person to have fought in square. This was in the Ashanti War of 1898, when he was serving with a detachment of Mounted Rifles which was surprised and attacked from all sides, but hastily managed to form square and beat off their Ashanti assailants—not, however, without some considerable loss. In this belief my friend was mistaken. During the war I was lunching at Government House with Sir Harold McMichael, then High Commissioner in Jerusalem. I happened to have picked up one of Jervis Bey's amusing books, in which he mentions the Darfur expedition against the Senussi in 1916, in which Sir Harold took part, and in which the force fought their decisive engagement in square. I mentioned this to Sir Harold, saying: "I suppose you must be the last person to have fought in square?" To which he replied that he thought that was probably the case, and described the engagement. For some days the force, consisting largely of Sudanese infantry, with a stiffening of British machine-gunners, marched and bivouacked in square. "It was lucky we did so," said Sir Harold, "for one morning after breakfast, we were suddenly attacked from all sides by several thousand Senussi, who burst out of the bush. Had we been in any other formation we would have had a difficult time." Sir Harold maintained that he played little part in the engagement, saying that he had sat down behind a recumbent camel, with the beast between him and the direction from which the fire was hottest, and smoked his pipe. I did not altogether believe this, as he got the D.S.O. for his activities on that occasion, and, indeed, a month or two later, staying in Khartoum with Sir Hubert Huddleston, for so long Governor-General of the Sudan and commander of the expedition, he told me that Sir Harold had played a very gallant part indeed. From one of the members of his staff I gathered that the only Senussi who broke into the square was their leader, and that Sir Hubert, in the best *Four Feathers* tradition, had pistolled him himself.

APROPOS her Majesty the Queen's decision to retain the name of Windsor as the family name of the Royal House, I always like the amusing story of the Kaiser when he heard that the Queen's grandfather, George V., during World War I. had changed his family name to Windsor. The Kaiser is said to have ordered a command performance in Berlin of "The Merry Wives of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha."

I think it is almost too good to be true. Wilhelm II. had very little sense of humour. Perhaps, however, it was like the late Lord Baldwin's jokes. I remember one of his enemies, who when told S.B.'s quip: "The intellectual bears the same relationship to intelligence as 'gent' does to gentleman," remarked acidly: "Yes. I think that is about the best crack that his private secretaries ever thought up for him."

Toby O'Brien

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, K.G.

Royal Academy 1952

★

Painted for His Old School

This new portrait by E. I. Halliday was painted for Gordonstoun, the Duke of Edinburgh's old school, and is being shown at the Royal Academy's 184th Exhibition which opened last Saturday (May 3). The Duke, who will be thirty-one on June 10, is painted against an appropriate background of sea. (Other pictures from the Academy are reproduced on pages 436-437.)

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Foreground, right: Sir Alfred Aykroyd, joint-Master of the Bramham Moor Hunt ; *anti-clockwise round the table:* Mrs. Dennis, Mr. Bill Aykroyd, Mrs. Dent, Colonel Dennis, the Hon. Mrs. Marquis, Major F. R. Ingham, Lady Aykroyd, the Hon. Roger Marquis, Mr. Alan Henderson, Miss Carolina Dennis, Mr. John Dent, Major J. L. Ingham and Mrs. Ingham (*back to camera*).

Bramham Moor Point-to-Point Dinner and Dance

On the evening of April 19, after their point-to-point, the Bramham Moor Hunt, one of the oldest in the country, had a dinner dance at the Old Swan Hotel, Harrogate. The hotel, which was a coaching inn in the seventeenth century, is even older than the Hunt, which was founded about 1740 by Mr. Fox-Lane, son of Lord Bingley ; the Bramham Moor country, however, was hunted long before the pack was named. For almost 150 years, the Old Swan was owned by one family, a member of which designed the Harrogate Royal Pump Room, and "had a marked taste for sport," which is shared by the hotel's present manager, Mr. Geoffrey Wright. A delicious dinner was laid on for the point-to-point party, which was organised by Mr. L. E. Snowden and Mr. Gilpin. Dancing went on until midnight.

By "THE SKETCH" special photographer, Harold White, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.

(Continued overleaf.)

Bramham Moor Point-to-Point Dinner and Dance (contd.)

L. to r.: Major Nickols, who won the Members' race on his *Mermaiden II.*; Colonel Lane-Fox and Major F. E. Hudson.

L. to r.: Mr. Jack Gilpin, Secretary of the Farmers' Committee; Mr. Frank Watson, Mr. Charlie Hall and Mr. L. E. Snowden.

Mrs. G. Armitage and Mr. Basil Browne sitting out in an attractive, flower-trimmed corner of the old hotel, during the dancing.

At the foot of table, with back to camera: Mr. H. Aykroyd; *from his left to the far end of the table,* Miss Mariegold Arnott, Mr. R. Lane-Fox, Miss Mary Aykroyd, Mr. Bromet, Miss Forsyth-Orrest, Mr. R. W. Terrand, Mrs. Aykroyd.

L. to r.: Mr. W. R. Hudson, Mrs. P. M. Yeoman (*barely visible*), Mr. Geoffrey Wright, Mrs. W. R. Hudson, Flt. Lt. Yeoman and Mrs. Geoffrey Wright.

L. to r.: Mrs. Coad, Mr. Tyreman, Mrs. G. Armitage, Mr. Coad, Mrs. Charlesworth, Mr. Browne, Mrs. Tyreman and Major Charlesworth.

At the foot of the table: Mr. L. E. Snowden ; *from his left:* Mrs. L. E. Snowden, Mr. Oswald White, Miss Sonia Ellis, Mr. Patrick Snowden, Miss Avril Peat, Mr. Malcolm Snowden, Mrs. Darbyshire (*at top of table*), Dr. Insh, Mrs. M. Snowden, Mr. Darbyshire, Mrs. Insh, Mr. David Peat, Mr. Patrick Ellis, Mr. W. M. Hay (*standing*) and Mrs. Oswald White.

L. to r.: Miss Jennifer Hall, Mr. Michael Watson, Miss Lorraine Watson and Mr. John Cooper, having a rest from dancing to admire the flowers.

At midnight came "Auld Lang Syne." Mr. Kenneth W. Parkinson has lately become joint-Master of the Bramham Moor with Sir Alfred Aykroyd. Mr. Tyreman and Mr. Coad were respectively Clerk of the Course and Secretary of the point-to-point.

At Home to "The Sketch"

LORD and LADY ISMAY

Down the flagged steps for a walk round the gardens and farm : Lord Ismay, with Lady Ismay, has a near-the-last look at everything before the departure for Paris, where peace at his country home will depend on memories.

We visited Lord and Lady Ismay at Wormington Grange, Broadway, Worcestershire, a short time before he left for Paris as Secretary-General of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation, the latest of his long succession of important appointments. His career began, in the regular Army, in 1905 ; he became a General in 1944, and from 1940 to 1946 was Chief of Staff to the Minister of Defence ; after that he became Chief of Staff to the Viceroy of India. He has a great many military and civil decorations. Now, at sixty-five, having retired from the Army, he is embarking on one of the most important and responsible jobs of his impressive life of service—taking his new office just as N.A.T.O. Headquarters moved from Belgrave Square to Paris.

The Ismays have three married daughters and two grandchildren ; Wormington Grange is Lady Ismay's old home, as it originally belonged to her father, the late Mr. H. G. Clegg. In Lord Ismay's bedroom he keeps his collection of signed photographs from friends, all of them as distinguished as he is himself.

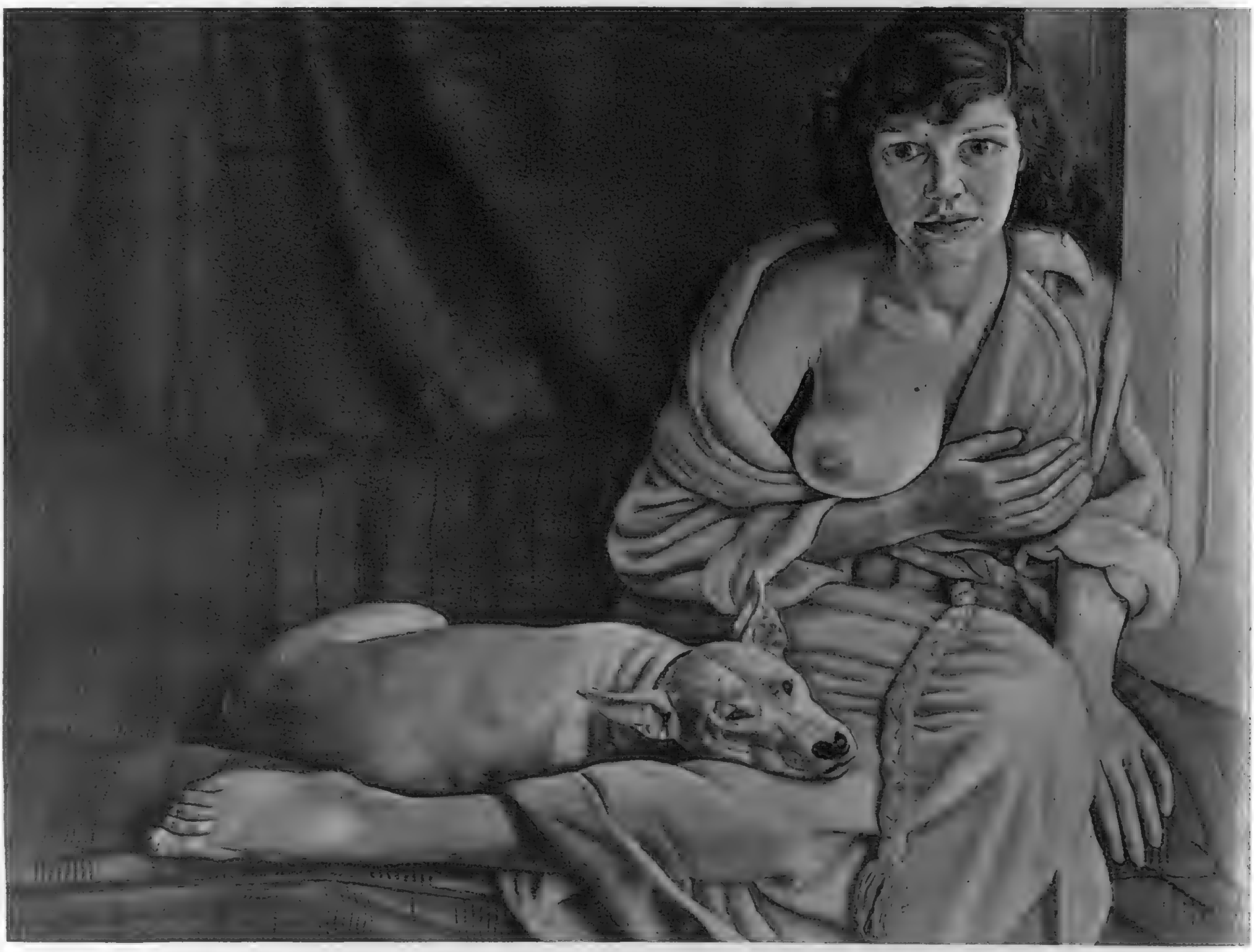
Below : Lord Ismay looks with pleasure at his herd of Jersey cows, which are the calmest company anyone can hope to find.

Lord Ismay watches his granddaughter, Patricia Evetts, at the piano; her younger brother, John, seems more interested in Lady Ismay.

Lord Ismay visits his herdsman, Mr. Marstin, at the herdsmen's cottages on the estate. The dreamy Jersey beauties have to depend on Mr. Marstin during their owner's absence.

Knee-deep in daffodils, the Ismays pick some for the house. Lady Ismay will have longer at Wormington Grange than her husband as she is not going to Paris until later on.

Patricia Evetts hoops out in one, watched indulgently by her grandparents. A beautifully strong magnolia-tree, which has been growing for many years, nestles against the bow of the house.



LUCIAN FREUD

An exhibition of new work by this young painter opened yesterday, May 6, at the Hanover Gallery. *Girl With a Dog* (*above*) is one of two pictures bought by the Tate Gallery ; the other, not reproduced here, but also in the show, is a portrait of Francis Bacon, Freud's brilliant contemporary. The head (*left*) is called *Boy Smoking*. All the pictures are bold and striking.

Lucian Freud, who is still under thirty, made a reputation when he was very young, and his work has been bought by museums and picture-galleries all over the world, including the Museum of Modern Art in New York. He is a grandson of the psychologist, and his father is a well-known architect.

Notes and Pictures from
Our Social Diary

APRIL 19.—"M" MARRIAGE. Miss Miriam Fitzalan-Howard, the second of four sisters, all of whose names begin with "M," married Lieut. P. Hubbard at St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens.

APRIL 22.—POSTPONED WEDDING. Lady Joan Hope married Lieut.-Colonel Gore-Langton a week later than had been planned because she had been ill with influenza.

APRIL 21.—The Grand Quadrangle at Windsor Castle was packed with people watching the Grenadier Guards parade when the Queen gave up the Colonelcy of the Regiment on her twenty-sixth birthday. Among those in the front rows were Field Marshal Sir William and Lady Slim ; Major-General Julian Gascoigne, who commanded the 1st Battalion of the Grenadier Guards in 1942-43, then the 201 Guards Brigade, and is now the Major-General commanding the Household Brigade ; Lord de L'Isle and Dudley, Secretary of State for Air, who won a V.C. when serving with the Grenadiers in the last war—he successfully defended Brigade H.Q. by mustering cooks, clerks, etc. ; Captain Harry Crookshank, the ex-Grenadier Cabinet Minister and Leader of the House of Commons ; Sir Charles Loyd, Colonel of the Coldstream ; and Colonel Sir Godfrey Dalrymple-White, who joined the Grenadiers in 1885. After the parade he talked to Chelsea Pensioners he had known in his youth, one of whom had been his instructor.

A section of the best seats was reserved for the Pensioners, who were treated with great respect and ceremony ; as three arrived to take their places, two guardsmen were summoned and elaborately wiped the rain-drenched seats of the allotted chairs.

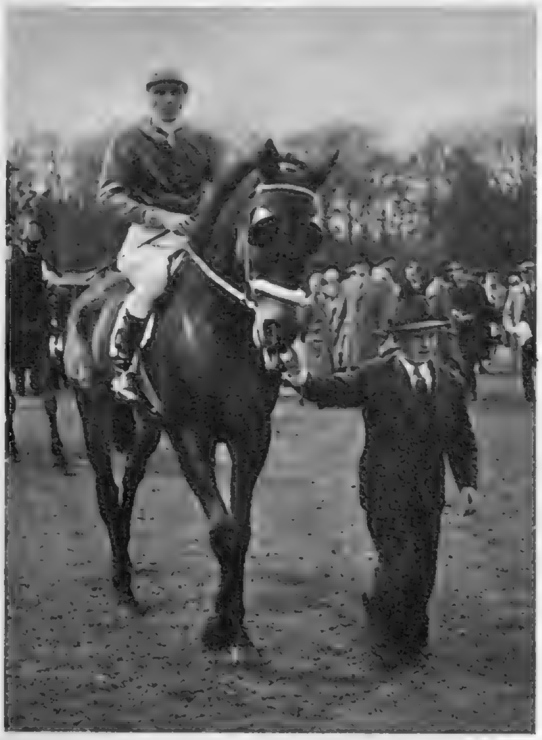
The Queen has been Colonel of the regiment since her sixteenth birthday, when she was given the diamond Grenadier cipher brooch she wore on her lapel. As Sovereign, she becomes Colonel-in-Chief of all five regiments of the Brigade of Guards ; General Sir George Jeffreys has taken over the Colonelcy of the Grenadiers.

The parade was by the 1st Battalion, with detachments of the 2nd from Germany, the Guards' Depot and the Guards' Training Battalion. A detachment of nearly 200 Old Comrades, led by Major-General Edward Goulburn, came at the end.

After the parade, the guardsmen, who had been looking extra-enormous in their bearskins, took them off to give three very loud cheers ; Prince Charles and Princess Ann who were watching from a window, looked like jumping out of it with joy, and had to be held back by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret.

Among people encountered afterwards was Brian Johnston, an ex-Grenadier who has found fame through the B.B.C. and as a test-stunt man. Other ex-Grenadiers who went to the parade were Sir Hugh Smiley ; Brigadier Sir Michael Llewellyn ; Major Willoughby Norman, who took his son Jeremy ; and Mr. Charles Stourton, with his fiancée, Miss June de Yarbrugh-Bateson.

APRIL 22.—DUCHESS WITH A CAMERA. This photograph of the Duke and Duchess of Argyll has just come from Scotland, where they were watching the steamer *Countess of Breadalbane* being taken to Loch Fyne.



APRIL 22 and 23.—AT THE EPSOM SPRING MEETING. (*Left*) Mr. Peter and Lady Elizabeth Oldfield on the first day at Epsom. Lady Elizabeth is the younger daughter of Lord Dunmore. (*Centre*) Mr. Edward Underdown, the film actor, being led in on *Noholme* after winning the Thursby Amateur Riders' Handicap. (*Right*) Pacing the paddock in search of winners were Mrs. C. B. Ryde and Mr. David Ryde.

APRIL 23.—LORD BRABAZON IN MANCHESTER. The Northern radio and television exhibition was opened in City Hall, Manchester, by Lord Brabazon of Tara.

APRIL 23.—LEAVING ST. PAUL'S. *L. to r.*, Colonel Walker, Mrs. Messel, Mark Birdwood, Lady Birdwood and Miss Craig after the annual service of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

APRIL 21.—Went to the Dorchester to see Mr. and Mrs. Francis Boyer who had just flown in from New York ; they are apt to whiz to and fro across the Atlantic, leaving after breakfast and finding it is still about the same time when they arrive—which must be one of the most baffling things about long, fast flights. Connected with the Biddles, the Robinsons and the Jays, the Boyers are among the grand families of America with roots in the South, where, at Richmond, Virginia, there is a sacred family burial-ground. Mrs. Boyer, very smart and lively in blue and pale pink, was for eight years the pulse of the University Museum, Philadelphia ; she had spent the day at the British Museum looking over our treasures, but was baffled to find the Ur of the Chaldees gallery shut that day ; she had specially wanted to see it because the finds were divided between the Philadelphia and British Museums.

APRIL 22.—Mr. Harold Nicholson opened the exhibition of Dutch and Flemish masters at Eugene Slatter's Gallery in Bond Street ; the handsome catalogues were being sold in aid of the Carlyle Trust of the London Library, of which Mr. Nicholson is committee chairman. The gallery was crammed with people, among them Lord Claud Hamilton, Sir Alec Martin, Sir George Barstow, Sir Basil Newton, Mr. and Mrs. E. Assheton-Bennett, Mr. J. H. Hambro, Lady Emmott, Mrs. Derek Moss and Mr. R. D. de Sola who, rich, cultivated and eccentric, always wears a top-hat to the city.

Most of the pictures are seventeenth century and in the best traditions of the Flemish school ; many of them have interesting histories. One, *Young Woman with Her Daughters*, was among the first in the collection of Catherine the Great ; it was bought for her by Prince Dimitri Galitzine at the Julienne collection in Paris in 1767 ; he was helped to choose paintings and antiques for the Imperial collection by Voltaire and Diderot. Most of these treasures remained at the Hermitage Palace until the 1920's, when the Soviet Government got busy selling them. Galitzines still abound, although they have dwindled a bit. At one time there were forty men and about sixty boys in the family.

APRIL 23.—There was a splendid party at Brown's Hotel for Georges Simenon, merry-looking creator of "Maigret," one of the most real and interesting Inspectors in detective fiction. Mme. Simenon, who grasped and remembered names straight off, wore her hair in a plaited wreath with an edging of tiny white flowers from which sprang a veil. Plenty was amusingly said by the many good writers there. Among them were Rose Macaulay

APRIL 23.—DASHING PAGES. The former Miss Margaret de Trafford and Lieut. W. J. Faulkner after their wedding. The bride's home is at Malta, where her grandfather, Lord Strickland, was at one time Prime Minister.

APRIL 24.—LINER LAUNCHING. Mrs. A. L. Geyer, wife of the South African High Commissioner in London, launched the new Union-Castle liner *Braemar Castle* at Belfast and gave a flower from her bouquet to the boy who presented it.

APRIL 24.—DUE TO MARRY ON MAY 5. Lieut.-Colonel W. H. Buckley, M.F.H., and Miss H. J. Montagu-Turner, together at the Carmarthenshire Hunt Point-to-point. He has been Master of the Carmarthenshire since 1931.

APRIL 24.—FARMCART GRANDSTAND. Members of the Royal Party watching events on the second day of the Olympic Horse Trials at Badminton included the Queen, Princess Margaret, the Duke of Edinburgh (extreme left), the Duke of Beaufort (next to the Queen) and the Earl of Dalkeith.

and Dorothy Sayers, whose Lord Peter Wimsey continues to exist, with endless reprints; Arthur Calder-Marshall, who claims to spread jam on his manuscripts to fox trouble-seeking publishers' readers; Angus Wilson, whose stinging short stories and book about Zola are to be followed in July by his first novel, *Hemlock and After*, with a dust-cover by Ronald Searle; Norman Collins, to whom London belongs; Stevie Smith, in red with jet beads, creator of *Pompey*; Peter Fleming, brown with travelling; Philip Toynbee and Alex Comfort, who produces his prose and poetry as an extra to working as a biologist at the Nuffield Institute, where he is at the moment concentrating on the subject of old age. He spoke very enthusiastically of the excellent work being done by the Institute and described the sad tradition of false teeth and spectacles being handed down and around in the less privileged families as if they were jewellery. Jewellery does at least often get adapted by successive inheritors, but not, it seems, these medical necessities. Apparently flies, which are lucky if they live four days, provide the quickest study of the life-span. Mr. Comfort, a most entertaining talker, has also found snail-watching rewarding; he once had a houseful of them. Douglas Scott, gentle writer of *The Iron Gates*, which is about his nine months in prison as a conscientious objector, was modest in beard and spectacles.

Went on to 61, Pont Street, where the *La Fiesta* Club was having one of its monthly cocktail parties. The members' money being rather depleted by the Easter Ball, tickets for which cost 15s. instead of the 6s. charged for the monthly dances and cocktail parties, there was a smaller crowd than usual, but a very cheerful atmosphere and music supplied by a piano-playing waiter on the staff of "John" who brings a gay and personal touch to the parties he manages. The members of *La Fiesta* include debutantes, career girls, city workers and undergraduates; a few at the party were the Misses Susan Mills and Joan Ash; Mr. Jim Fox, from Kenya, who is up at Cambridge, Mr. Roy Loram, Mr. Colin West, and Mr. A. P. Spooner, chairman of the club, and largely responsible for organising last week's ball, at which Moira Lister and Carmen Amaya appeared.

APRIL 24.—From Spain comes news of Sitges, near Barcelona, a gay place for holidays and good weather, with two attractive beaches, pleasant outdoor restaurants, café night clubs and several cinemas. David and Louise Fellowes have been lent a villa there overlooking the sea; he has a busy job representing English publishing firms, but has time for some parties; there was one at the villa to celebrate the fourth birthday of the Fellowes' son Peter.

Miss Grania O'Brien, Lord Inchiquin's daughter, came from Madrid with Mr. Derek Dodson, First Secretary of the Embassy, and Miss Jacqueline Leche who works for Rio Tinto Mines in Madrid. Grania O'Brien has been working as social secretary to Sir John Balfour. Among other people at the party were Pedro Pena, the celebrated Catalan artist, and his daughter Isabel; he presented David Fellowes with a delightfully original drawing. Countess Churucca from Barcelona with her cousin Manuel Vidal Quadras was also there.

APRIL 25.—DISINTERESTED CHAMPION. Still at Badminton. *Left:* The Queen, Princess Margaret and the Duke of Beaufort with *Foxhunter* and (*centre*) Lieut.-Colonel Harry Llewellyn. *Right:* Miss Jane Drummond-Hay, daughter of Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay, riding Lieut.-Colonel Dudgeon's *Abbeyfeale*.

APRIL 27.—INTERNATIONAL SCOUTS AT WINDSOR. *Left:* The Queen, with Lord Rowallan, among the scouts. *Right:* The Queen and Princess Margaret laughing together while the Duke of Edinburgh talks to Lord Rowallan, the Chief Scout. Earlier the Queen took the salute at a march-past of over 1,000 scouts. Lord Rowallan has four sons; a fifth was killed in the war.

APRIL 28.—HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN. Clothes and music from the wicked old '20's were revived for a party at which the Misses Jane Coningham, Janet Munro-Kerr, Ann Valerie, Cynthia Springman and Lullan Sanos are seen arriving.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

APRIL 26.—The Cattistock Hunt had a glorious spring day for their point-to-point at Darvale Farm, near Yeovil, and there were a lot of grey flannel suits and pretty blouses about.

Lord Stavordale, over whose land the Cattistock hunts, was a judge; Admiral Sir Victor Crutchley was an acting steward, and so was Lord Digby. He and Lady Digby brought their young grandson Winston, whose other grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill.

The Naval Home Fleet race is ridden by serving Naval Officers and was won by Cdr. J. Crabb on *All My Eye*. The Ladies' race was exciting, as four of the five runners had already won more than one race this season and each carried the 14-lb. penalty. The pace was tremendous, and *Gay Peri* and *Sea-Day* both came to grief half-a-mile from home, leaving Miss Bridget Clowes on *Cæsar IV.* to win from *Surfeit*, with *The Baker* a close third.

Lord Basing was talking to Cdr. and Mrs. Maurice Bailward; Miss Joy Dickinson was with Mr. Roger Burden, to whom she has just become engaged; also there were Mr. and Mrs. Michael Slade, whose daughter, Sarah-Jane, married Mr. Robin Cayzer on April 4.

Propellor blades made a new kind of guard of honour at the wedding, also on April 26, of Miss Shelagh Colley Robinson and Mr. F. J. Reynolds, who were married at Lillington Church, Leamington; the bridegroom is the officer commanding 664 Aux. (Air O.P.) Squadron R.A.F. at Hucknall, Notts.

Another couple married, at Holy Trinity, Brompton, on this day of weddings were Mr. Edgar Farr and Miss Diana Patricia Goldson. The one page, Alan Stirling, wore a Royal Stewart kilt; there was also a child bridesmaid, Ysanne Pearson, and four grown-up ones: the Misses Shelagh Jones, Angela Goldson, Anne Sampson and Dr. Susan Simpson.

APRIL 28.—We had a preview of some of the pictures to be in the memorial exhibition of the works of Gwen John, Frances Hodgkins and Ethel Walker, due to open at the Tate Gallery on May 7. Gwen John's portraits, of herself and other women, combine gloomy expressions with bright clothes; Ethel Walker's style changed a great deal in her lifetime, going from conventional ladies in Edwardian clothes to pale groups of nudes; in a picture called *The Picnic* there is one umbrella among a mass of cold-looking bathers. Frances Hodgkins covers a good deal of ground too, in brighter colours, some of her works looking rather like James Piper's, others like Ivon Hitchens's.

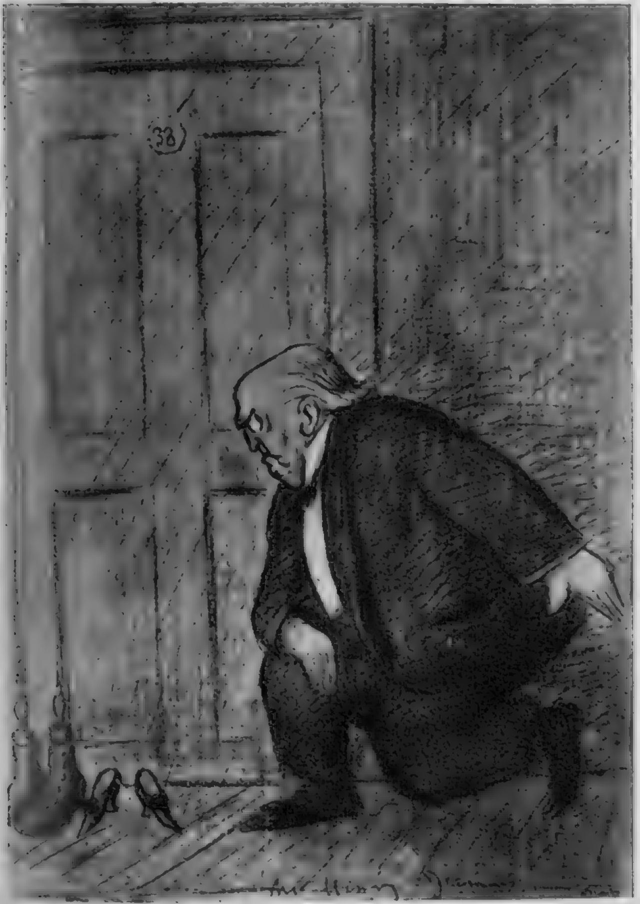
Princess Marie Louise has promised to preside at a distinguished visitors' dinner to be given by the Women's Adjustment Board at the Dorchester on May 22, in honour of the High Commissioners of the Dominions. Tickets, at £2 2s. each, may be had from the Hon. Secretary, Miss Adeline Bourne, 114, Queen's Gate, S.W.7.

APRIL 29.—CELEBRATING ANGLO-JAPANESE PEACE TREATY AND EMPEROR HIROHITO'S BIRTHDAY. *L. to r.*, Mrs. Suzuki, Lord Sempill, Mrs. and Mr. Asakai, Mrs. Fujisaki, Sir Robert Craigie and Mrs. Ihara

APRIL 29.—IN THE LADY CHAPEL OF WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL Mr. John A. Clark married Miss Diedre Waterhouse who comes from Ireland.

APRIL 29.—AT THE BRITISH SPORTSMEN'S CLUB, SAVOY HOTEL. At a reception given to meet members of the Indian test team were, (*left*) Lord Mountbatten with D. G. Phadkar; (*Right*) Jack Hobbs with Vijay Hazare, captain of the Indian team.

MR. THOMAS HARDY COMPOSING A LYRIC is lent by Mr. Henry Tozer. The great little man is alone in starkest Wessex, which he loved so much.



MR. HENRY JAMES is lent by the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. The famous American recorder of English social life is seen gathering copy.

L.S. THE PRINCE OF PROSE WRITERS: —a long view of Lytton Strachey.

A RECOLLECTION of Rabindrinath Tagore and Bernard Shaw, at the Hyde Park Hotel, on an afternoon in 1931. Max Beerbohm's comment is at the top of the drawing.

G. K. CHESTERTON. A huge contemporary lion roaring his head off for the fun of "Max" and younger generations who have missed a treat.

Sir Max Beerbohm, who will be eighty in August, is as famous for the wit of his writing as he is for his caricatures, a selection of which, "*Max*" *in Retrospect*, is now being shown at the Leicester Galleries. Most of the famous personalities of his long period have been his subjects; a few from the exhibition appear on this page. Sir Max, creator of *Zuleika Dobson*, for love of whom a whole generation of fabulous undergraduates flamboyantly died, now lives at Rapallo.

SATIRIST IN TWO MEDIUMS

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, WHEN PRINCESS ELIZABETH, DRIVING HER PONY PHÆTON IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK, by Allan Gwynne-Jones. This picture is graciously lent by Her Majesty the Queen.

CHARLES, SON OF MR.
by A. K.

THE ROY

This year's Royal Academy o
great many exhibits : a

CHARADES, by Norman Hepple, a picture of home life painted in 1952. The witches' hats opposite would come in handy.

A JEALOUS HUSBAND, HAVING DISGUISED HIMSELF AS A PRIEST, HEARS HIS OWN WIFE'S CONFESSION, by F. Cadogan Cowper, R.A.

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AND MRS. MICHAEL HORNBY,
Lawrence, R.A.

AL ACADEMY

pened on May 3 with, as always, a
small selection appears here.

IN THE ROOM : A PROBLEM PICTURE, by Sir Alfred Munnings. The former P.R.A. sets his own brand of teaser.

THE CITY, by John Armstrong. A cheerful street scene with umbrellas and peeling non-stop nudes.

HALLOW E'EN, by Grace Wheatley. Innocent-looking little witches all dressed up for a game of magic.

The Royal Academy Illustrated."

★ First Choice ★

UNDER THE SYCAMORE TREE

(Aldwych)

LET me explain at once that I choose this "farcical fable," as it is called, because of its major performance. *The Other Heart*, reviewed on the opposite page, aims higher, and—though some may hold that it falls farther—it is the better play of the two. But its run is limited; and I imagine that London will entertain the Aldwych ants for some time. If so, the honour will belong to Alec Guinness as First Ant, and to the company, rather than to Samuel Spewack (part-author of *Kiss Me, Kate*), who has here struggled so earnestly to be an American Æsop.

In this comedy of love-and-liberalism inside an ant-hill, Mr. Spewack presents a Learned Ant, a charming and determined scientist who has studied the human race, and who manages to bring to the colony under the sycamore tree (an American sycamore) a variety of the human emotions he likes best. Thus he introduces love, psychiatry ("Very Significant"), and some of the friendlier diplomatic devices. It all permits Mr. Spewack to chatter along blithely in the manner of a more popular Capek—this is, in effect, an insect-play for the junior forms—and though we may grow tired of fun about procreation, and some trite jesting, the evening has its pleasures. There is, for example, an ant-hill tailored by Oliver Messel, who appears to know about this branch of architecture. And there is always, and gratifyingly, the superb Mr. Guinness.

He is a transforming actor who never seems to be acting. He coaxes a play along. He takes the most tenuous scene, the poorest line, and persuades us that we have heard something fresh, crisp and witty. When his material is worth while, as it is during the last Indian-summer passage at the Aldwych, then we have from Guinness the kind of performance that goes down in our notebooks.

In this fable he turns himself at will into a doctor with the suavest of bedside manners; into a psychiatrist, brooding upon complexes; and into a gently, wryly endearing old man with an unmistakable Herbert Lomas voice. Mr. Guinness has studied that model lovingly. I could hardly believe it at the première when the familiar gnarled tones floated up to the circle from a player whom I could not at first identify, crouched over a transmitting set and having an extremely awkward time with an amateur at the other end, an incredulous, bewildered voice. Suddenly and belatedly, I realised that the old man was Guinness. He can disguise himself beyond recognition. Like certain other actors, though more abundantly, he has a gift for presenting age. It was most touching to hear and to see him in the last quarter of an hour as he described his visit—mounted on a poodle—to the President of the United States, and then faded away gently, beside his Queen, on the royal throne.

Diana Churchill, the Queen, is a glittering, capricious companion; Daphne Anderson and Eric Porter are, amusingly, the gauche ant "guinea-pigs," learning their job; and, with Ernest Thesiger, sourly contemplative as the Chief Statistician, and Peter Bull as a bovine general, Mr. Spewack has an enviable cast. In fairness to him, there are some sharp lines and flicks of satire; and we should have liked to have gone to the opera, with Boy Junior and Princess Precocious, to hear a soprano cricket singing Carmen with her back legs. Peter Glenville has produced with fitting whimsicality. But I have to explain to all sluggards that the major reason for going to the Aldwych is to cheer Alec Guinness, back in triumph. Consider his ways, and be wise.

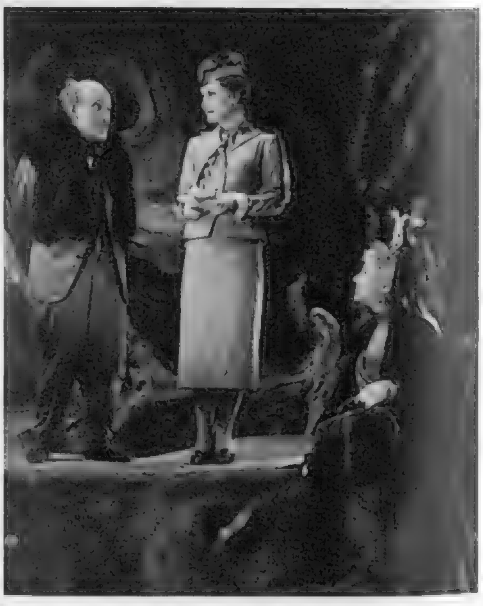
AT THE THEATRE . . .

Alec Guinness and Diana Churchill, as Chief Scientist and Queen of the colony of ants whose existence beneath the roots, of *The Sycamore Tree*, is disturbed by the introduction of human habits.

Having introduced the element of love to the ant colony, Alec Guinness becomes a psychiatrist in order to explain to the now happily married worker ant that she is not really happy after all.

The Chief Scientist has trouble with a pair of worker ants (Eric Porter and Daphne Anderson), who cannot get into their silly ant-heads the human process of "falling in love."

One result of humanising the worker ants is a pair of twins which, being quite unlike eggs, necessitate the presence of a doctor.



The Chief Scientist, now grown old with his Queen after a long humanising reign, returns from an abortive visit to the President of the United States, who has refused to listen to his sage advice.

. . with J. C. TREWIN

★ Also Chosen ★

THE OTHER HEART

(Old Vic)

BOTH the Old Vic and the dramatist, James Forsyth, took a risk with this play: the theatre, because it is unusual indeed for a modern author's work to appear in the grandeur of Waterloo Road; the author, because a life of François Villon is as awkward a subject for the stage as any writer could set himself. Mr. Forsyth was looking, I think, towards tragic poetry; what he has actually written is a crowded romantic-melodramatic chronicle that at least lifts Villon some way above *If I Were King* (though certain memories of the musical version would return at trying moments).

For all that, no one with feeling for the theatre would willingly be contemptuous or cynical about this play. It is uneven; its text often labours; and Mr. Forsyth has given little poetry to Villon the poet. (That long speech in the Bishop's *oubliette* at Meung-sur-Loire seemed to me to have more of a ring than the rest.) When all is said, the play, a romantic chronicle, has various craftily-ordered and playable scenes; and Alan Badel drives at Villon with a stabbing excitement that shows he could present the man himself as well as the shadow. I hope playgoers (who may not have known Mr. Badel's work at the Birmingham Repertory or at Stratford) will realise now that here is an extraordinary young actor. Certainly there is a broad enough gap between Villon and Peter Quince, the two parts Mr. Badel has acted at the Vic. I would point out also that he has appeared, within the last few years, as Richard the Third, Ariel, and Justice Shallow. Much of the acting in *The Other Heart* is firm: that of Irene Worth as Catherine de Vausselles, who shatters Villon's life; Marie Ney as the confidante; and Paul Rogers as Villon's uncle (extremely impressive in his last madness). Few of the lesser people are precisely defined; but Michael Langham has directed with imagination the to-and-fro in a wintry, wolfish Paris, where Villon flares and sinks. The dramatist's version of the death—beside a country gibbet in a wild sunset—holds the mind uncannily. After two weeks I remember *The Other Heart* more strongly than any play staged since it was produced. It is a notable advance upon *Héloise*, from an earlier Paris; and it shows that, whatever the contemptuous may say, we shall hear more of James Forsyth.

LORDS OF CREATION

(ex-Vaudeville)

AS a loyal Cornishman, I have to protest against the use of the North Cornish coast as a setting for the most inane comedy of the year. More to the point, I protest against the waste of (*a*) time, (*b*) the stage of a central theatre, and (*c*) the talents of some able actors. This piece, in its verbose, dithering way, is concerned with the rivalry of a retired Admiral and a retired Harley Street specialist. The second attacks his rival with one of the plagues of Egypt: frogs, large laughing frogs that seem, surprisingly, to have cause for mirth.

I hardly imagine that Donald Wolfit will want to keep Rear-Admiral Sir Benjamin McGuffie among his cherished records. Why does a usually accomplished player do this sort of thing? The agreeable Raymond Huntley, who has given so much pleasure in happier surroundings, is asked to animate a dummy figure, forever laughing in silent glee. Most of the action is reported; only two of the characters become more than faint sketches. We were not astonished when, at the last, a first-night gallery that had kept politely silent, expressed its bewildered irritation; nor when the play was withdrawn after four performances.

THE OTHER HEART: Villon enters unconventionally into the room of Catherine de Vausselles, who is holding his poem, launched through the window as a paper dart.

François Villon (Alan Badel) (*left*) with William Villon, his uncle (Paul Rogers).

Villon is seized by the guards as he endeavours to escape following the charge of stealing from a church.

Present and Future

THE Pinero vogue continues—and rightly. We are now to have one of the happiest of the comedies, *Trelawny of the Wells*, that affectionate picture of the stage in the early 1860's. It opens at the Lyric, Hammersmith, next week, with Barbara Jefford and Yvonne Mitchell, two of the best of the younger actresses, as Rose Trelawny and Avonia Bunn. We shall hear Harcourt Williams as the Vice-Chancellor, who remembers Kean; Jean Cadell as his sister; Milton Rosmer as the old actor ("Not a real *speech*; nothing to dig your teeth into"); Patricia Burke as Imogen, Shaun Glenville as Ablett, and Ronald Howard as Tom Wrench, the young actor-dramatist who is, of course, Tom Robertson of *Caste*. Peter Ashmore directs; and the sets are designed by W. Stanley Moore.

THE PICKWICK CLUB

The next play at the Westminster will be the first Pickwick adaptation for some time. Stanley Young, who has made it, calls it *The Trial of Mr. Pickwick*; John Burrell produces; and there is a cast of twenty-four. One notices the names of Bartlett Mullins as Pickwick, Philip Leaver as Tupman, Derek Tansley as Winkle, Peter Copley as Jingle—a part Irving once played in another piece—Viola Lyel as Rachel Wardle, and Victor Maddern as Sam Weller. The play opens on Thursday week (May 15) for a limited run of five weeks.

ON THE LAWN

It seems that *As You Like It* will be the favourite Shakespeare comedy this summer. Margaret Leighton is playing Rosalind at Stratford; and now Mary Kerridge is to act the part during the month's season in Regent's Park that begins on May 29. Robert Atkins, who produces, has cast David Powell for Jaques. In *Cymbeline*, which is to follow, Miss Kerridge is Imogen and Mr. Powell the Iachimo. Leslie French, who will be Pisanio in *Cymbeline*, is also to be the Attendant Spirit in Milton's masque, *Comus*. This, in a double bill with Christopher Fry's *The Boy With a Cart*, completes the summer events in the Park.

QUARTET

William Heinemann Productions Limited, a new company, will stage *Dragon's Mouth*, a dramatic quartet by J. B. Priestley and Jacquetta Hawkes, at the Winter Garden Theatre next Tuesday (May 13) for a limited season. The cast consists of Michael Denison, Dulcie Gray, Rosamund John and Norman Wooland. *Dragon's Mouth* is presented without scenery; and at the Winter Garden, I gather, only the apron stage will be used, black curtains being drawn immediately behind the proscenium arch.

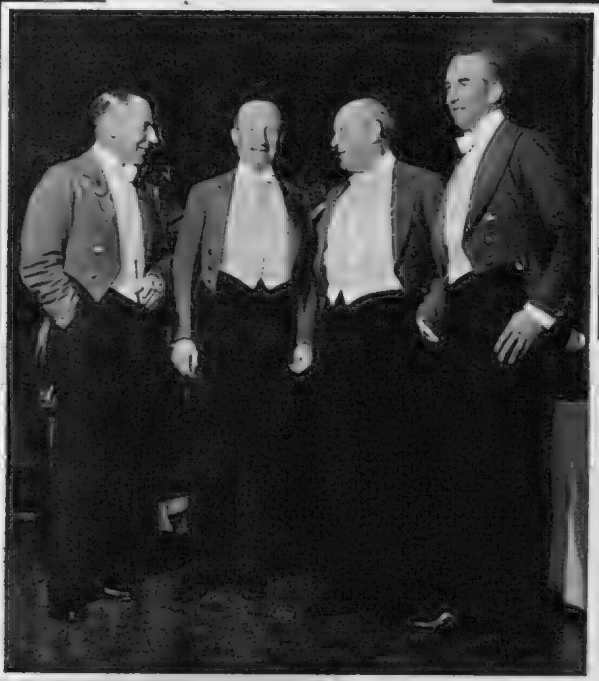
GETTING AROUND

Timon of Athens, with André Morell as Timon, opens at the Old Vic on May 28. . . . *The Moonraker* begins to-night (May 7) at the Saville, after its long provincial tour. . . . Next Tuesday (May 13) David Tutaev produces at the "Q" *Immortal Minute*, a play by Elizabeth Godley—the pseudonym of Lady Kilbracken—in which James Carney will appear. . . . There will be no Monday evening performances of *Much Ado About Nothing* (Phœnix) until June 16; this will enable John Gielgud to direct *Macbeth* at Stratford. . . . On May 22, at Sadler's Wells, George Devine produces the Tchaikovsky opera, *Eugene Onegin*, with décor by Motley.

L. to r., Miss Mary Aykroyd, Miss Marigold Arnott, Mr. Timothy Yates and Mr. Gavin Russel between some of the marble pillars designed by Burlington, architect of the Assembly Rooms.

Right: Snug on the floor is Mr. Peter Butler; behind him, Mr. Don Foulds, then Miss Elizabeth Butler, Miss Susan Studdy and Miss Gillian Turton.

Below: The "quarter-masters," *l. to r.*, Lieut.-Colonel G. H. Aykroyd, Mr. Geoffrey Smith, Cdr. David Lycett Green and Mr. A. Yates.



York and Ainsty South Hunt Ball

The beautiful Assembly Rooms, York, were the setting for this end of the season hunt ball, which has not been held there for nearly twenty years. York is almost in the middle of the York and Ainsty South country. The pack has four joint-masters, known as the "Quarter-masters": they are Commander David Lycett Green, Lieut.-Colonel George Aykroyd, Mr. Geoffrey Smith and Mr. Anthony Yates, all of whom were at the ball, wearing pink coats. The R.A.F. was represented in their party by Air Commodore J. Warburton, Air Officer commanding No. 64 Reserve Group R.A.F. South York. The city, in the suburbs of which a fox was once killed, was represented by the Sheriff, Councillor R. Scruton; Mrs. Scruton; their daughter, Miss Paddy Scruton; Councillor W. Miles Brown and Miss Shirley Brown.

Long lines of beautiful glass candelabra seem to float overhead as the dancers swirl round the room. The large crowd included many hunting farmers.

L. to r., between dances, Dr. J. Towers, Mr. Gordon May, Mrs. J. Towers, Mrs. Gordon May, Mrs. W. Caird and Mr. W. Caird. The pack has had a successful season, killing 17½ brace of foxes.

L. to r., Mrs. R. Scruton, the Sheriff's lady ; Mrs. Cullum ; Mr. R. Scruton, Sheriff of York ; Councillor W. Miles Brown ; Miss P. Scruton and Mr. W. Banks.

Mr. Michael Gardner and Miss Sally Aykroyd of Whixley Hall admiring the big, flower-decorated cake on which the name of the hunt was written in icing sugar. Daffodils were an unusual touch for a hunt ball.

Sitting round a table in a prettily decorated corner were, *l. to r.*, Captain J. Dalton, Miss Katherine Rhodes, Captain Archie Farrow, Miss D. Rhodes, and Colonel S. Rhodes.

A young party sitting out between dances, *l. to r.*, Mr. Graham Littleboy, Miss Rosemary Smales, Mr. Robin Barrow, Miss Jennifer Green, Miss Shirley Kelsall and Mr. Gerald Johnson.

This happy party included Mrs. R. B. Holden, Mrs. Roy Smith, Colonel Roy Smith, Mrs. N. A. Keith, Colonel N. A. Keith, Mrs. Anthony Cliff, Lieut.-Colonel Stuart Carter, Mrs. M. W. Roberts, Mr. Anthony Cliff, Mr. L. Cornelius, Colonel R. B. Holden and Mrs. L. Cornelius.

L. to r., Mrs. J. Warburton, Lieut.-Colonel G. H. Aykroyd, M.F.H., Mrs. David Lycett Green, Cdr. David Lycett Green, R.N., M.F.H., Mrs. G. Aykroyd and Air Commodore J. Warburton.

WE TAKE OFF

MISS MARGARET LEWIS : For sticking her neck out in Piccadilly.

This young woman, who comes from Carmarthen, in Wales, is an usherette at a Piccadilly News Theatre. Her employer decided it would be a good advertisement to greet the first heat of the year by going to work in a last year's fashion.

LORD MALCOLM DOUGLAS-HAMILTON : For proving it doesn't pay to economise.

Lord Malcolm bought his faithful car in 1939 for £10 and uses it to travel daily between Marble Arch and the House of Commons, but as he has to pay £12-10s. a year tax, it has given rise to questions in the House on the value of economy.

To MR. PATRICK WADDINGTON : For his mechanised response to "Boot and Saddle."

Mr. Waddington is leaving a wedding reception in Cadogan Square complete with the well-dressed man's latest accessory which he rides with the dash of a cavalry officer responding to the cry of "Boot and Saddle."

MISS SHIRLEY PAGE : For being her own cup finalist.

This fifteen-year-old girl has won 70 rosettes, 14 cups and 10 medals at horse shows. She comes from Hampstead House Farm, Raymill Road West, Maidenhead, where her father breeds the horses she shows—this one at least looks all serene with the medals.

OUR HAT TO ...

To a father and daughter for a photo-finish in separate chess championships many miles apart.

Mr. B. H. Wood, chess correspondent of *The Illustrated London News*, and his fourteen-year-old daughter Peggy both won chess championships on the stroke of midnight, April 18—he the Midland Championship at Birmingham, she the British Girls' Championship at Southsea.

PATTY BERG : For "putting" herself on a new golfing map.

She recently established a world record for women—equal to the men's record—by playing the 6,339-yard course at Richmond, California, in 64 strokes. Freckle-faced, red-headed Patty is a former American woman golf champion

MRS. LILIAN FARMER : For being the first woman Mayor of Hythe, Kent, in 900 years.

She will also be Hythe's first woman councillor, first woman alderman, and may even be eligible for the title "Baron of the Cinque Ports." Her daughter, Mrs. Blundell (*right*), will act as Mayoress.

MRS. PHYLLIS HOLMAN RICHARDS : For outstanding bravery.

When Mrs. Richards saw a gang raid a jeweller's shop in Sloane Street and then attack P.C. Frederick Stone, she tackled one of the men : is seen with the Binney Memorial Medal she won for her bravery.

MR. AND MRS. EDDIE RAPLEY : For ringing the changes of their own wedding peal.

When the former Miss Enid Lonnen married Mr. Rapley it was a happy union of bell-ringers at Felpham Parish Church, where they rang their own wedding peal.

Two PAULS from abroad, who have hit the English jackpot.

Left, Paul Gallico, author of *The Snow Goose* and *The Small Miracle*, whose last book, *Trial by Error*, was published on March 10, has made a resounding success with his books and the films made from them. Paul Brickhill is an Australian writer of best-sellers *The Great Escape* and *The Dam Busters*. Both are over here now. Both are working on new books and both are writing film scripts.

MISS LAURETTA LAAKSO : For getting Ike in the groove.

Miss Laakso, of Brooklyn, New York, used this original "creation" to make her choice in the Presidential Elections obvious. The whole thing, ribbons and all, cost 72 cents.

TALKING OF TELEVISION

By Cyril Butcher

Stanley Baker as Petruchio and Margaret Johnston as Katherine in a recent production of *The Taming of the Shrew.*

LET us, for a change, cast an assessing eye across the Atlantic and see how our Younger Brothers and Sisters are getting along with this thing called television.

We cannot claim first-hand knowledge of American television—at least, not since 1947, when it was so crude that it was scarcely a subject of polite conversation. But from the reliable reports and Press-cuttings that reach us from time to time an interesting picture emerges, which shows that the U.S.A. is far more conscious than we are that television inevitably will be as great, if not greater, a social revolution as the advent of mechanical propulsion.

It would be unfair to indulge in any comparisons of quality, since we prefer to stand by our personal opinions. But the facts and figures given by responsible informants and publications provide an illuminating comparison of quantity.

To begin with, there are no fewer than 108 stations operating in the States. This makes our own four seem a little dim by comparison. But that figure itself pales into nothingness now that the Federal Communications Commission has lifted the ban imposed over three years ago on the licensing of new stations. This body has now produced a plan, complete with frequency-allocations, for 2053 stations within the area of its authority. That does not automatically mean that this staggering amount of stations will be built, for such decisions are largely left to private enterprise. But the "channels" are available if wanted. It is not likely that many will be going begging, because television in America now is a sound commercial proposition.

This was not the case until last year, when for the first time the industry showed a profit. In 1949 the loss was 25,300,000 dollars and 9,200,000 dollars in 1950. But the 1951 figures disclose a revenue of 239,500,000 dollars from the sale of time and programmes to the advertisers. This represents an earning for the industry (before payment of Federal income tax) of 43,600,000 dollars. Clearly television has become Big Business.

These figures are not without interest to us in this country. For they should be a warning to those who are anxious to see sponsored programmes introduced to Britain not to expect too much too quickly. Even allowing for our capacity to provide good television at a fraction of the transatlantic cost, the 1949 deficit gives food for a deal of cautious thinking.

And this brings us to an interesting example of what American programmes do cost. A cutting from *The Christian Science Monitor*, which is most informative on the subject of television, tells its readers that N.B.C. have decided to spend a weekly 60,000 dollars (over 20,000 of our old-fashioned pounds) on a two-hour, Monday-Friday offering, called *To-day.* This is broadcast from 7-9 a.m. in fifteen-minute sections, and consists of news, weather reports, time signals, popular records, interviews and announcements of outstanding events in New York City for each particular day. It is not a bad idea at all, and might with advantage be copied by the B.B.C.—but not, we beg, at such expense.

Rather different from our way of going about things, too, is the American film industry's counter to television's challenge. The method is not to fight a losing battle with it, but to use it to attract customers to the cinemas. Accordingly, the exhibitors are planning a coast-to-coast closed-circuit television network for their theatres, which will be used chiefly for the showing of important sporting events. Hollywood, with its vast reservoir of talent, is also facing the challenge in a practical way. More and more programmes are now coming from there, both "live" and filmed, and there can be little doubt that the Celluloid City will eventually be the production centre of television as well.

On the other hand, there are signs that the intrusiveness and the commercialism of the new medium are not to be allowed to get out of control. Recently the Speaker of the House of Representatives banned television from the floor of the House and from hearings in committee, thus curbing a growing tendency for histrionics and public pre-judgment of the issues in question. This has inevitably started a raving controversy. More universally welcome is the news that the F.C.C. is reserving 242 wave-lengths for the use of non-commercial stations which confine themselves to the broadcasting of educational and cultural matter. This is a most significant step and its effect on the nation's intellect will be interesting to watch.

In this country, however, the B.B.C. is notorious for its educative zeal which, on the whole, it exercises painlessly and occasionally with superb effect. A case in point was Christian Simpson's latest effort, a reasonably full-length version of the ballet *Swan Lake*, which was done with great feeling, imagination and intelligence. In the Odette-Odile rôle, which makes such enormous demands on a dancer, Irène Skorik showed herself to be a ballerina of sensitivity and technical accomplishment, and only needing a little more authority to put her in the top class. Siegfried gave Youly Algaroff only limited opportunities to show himself as a dancer, but enough to make one want to see him in a more rewarding rôle. We have nothing but praise for the supporting cast, Eric Robinson's conducting, or Stephen Bundy's imaginative décor. If the model swans moved rather jerkily across the screen, that was only in the best tradition!

More culture came at the hands of Desmond Davis, who conspired with Barbara Nixon to give us a brisk, tightened-up version of Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew.* Emphasis was laid on the play's somewhat astonishing fun and games, out of which the cast emerged looking as if they had enjoyed the playing as much as we had the viewing. If we would not personally have chosen Margaret Johnston for Katherine, that was our mistake, for there was no fault in her performance. Nor can there be anything but praise for Stanley Baker, a "natural" for Petruchio.

With *Tell Her the Truth*, culture was laid aside—indeed, any cerebral activity was quite redundant. This musical piece of another decade was slapstick fun of a rather dated kind and was wisely done in the idiom of its own vintage—the early 'thirties, if memory serves. The occasion was chiefly memorable by some expert clowning from that brilliant actor James Hayter and for the plainly audible voice of producer Michael Mills, as he gave his instructions to the cameras. We also recollect the appearance, yet once again, of our most unfavourite set of striped curtains, without which few programmes lately have been complete. Has the art department no others?

They are also to be seen in the new Panel Show, *Know Your Partner?* which, though it may not have the slickness of the late *What's My Line?*, is yet conducted on far more friendly and cosy lines. The quiz technique of Yvonne Arnaud is the most delicious thing we have seen for a long time.

WATCHING BRIEF

Highlights of the Next Fortnight

THERE is lots more culture in the air—or should one say *on* the air? But we anticipate that the appearance of Sir Thomas Beecham, with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra in a forty-five-minute programme, next Friday (May 9), will not be without its amusing side as well. This will be the first of a new series called *The Conductor Speaks.* What mischief Sir Thomas has up his sleeve remains to be seen, but there can be no doubt that this broadcast will be one of the outstanding musical events of the year.

Then on May 11 and 15 you will be able to hear Puccini's only comedy opera *Gianni Schicchi* to the libretto of Forzano (author of *To Live in Peace*). It contains some charming music, including that popular aria "Oh my beloved father." The cast is headed by Edmund Donlevy, recently seen as Rigoletto, and Diane Dubarry; production, naturally, by George Foa; conductor Charles Mackerras; settings by Stephen Bundy.

The lighter side of television won't be forgotten, by any means. On the 10th there is to be the second programme in the *This Is Show Business* with Vic Oliver. Is it too much to hope that Mr. Oliver will concentrate more on the presentation of the excellent artists he has gathered together than facetious wisecracks anent his own personal beauty?

Another example of the newly-formed theatre-television link-up will be seen next Wednesday (May 14), when the first act of Colin Morris's farce, *Reluctant Heroes*, will be televised from the stage of the Whitehall Theatre in the presence of an invited audience.

Still in the light vein, there is Ethel Revnell to look forward to. She is to appear on the 17th in a comedy programme, *Why Go To Paris?*—produced by Michael Mills.

Judging by the available list, the play schedule during the next fortnight will be more entertaining than memorable.

By "THE SKETCH" special photographer, Harold White, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.

IONOSPHERE — AND A DAUGHTER

Sir Edward Appleton, the atomic scientist, has given us the Appleton Layer Ionosphere, with which he won a Nobel Prize, and a daughter—Miss Wanda Alpar (*above*)—who is a dancer, now appearing at the Windmill Theatre. Her real name is Rosalind Appleton; she chose her stage name when she was with the Polish ballet company, before going to the Windmill in 1950. She has been given five months off to accompany her father, in July, to Australia for the U.R.S.I. (Union Radial Scientific International) annual conference.

OUR BOOKSHELF

THE RISE OF SIMON LACHAUME. By Maurice Druon. (*Staples Press ; 10s. 6d.*)

CALL ME EARLY. By Angela Wyndham Lewis. (*Peter Davis ; 10s. 6d.*)

ELIZABETH GASKELL. By A. B. Hopkins. (*John Lehmann ; 21s.*)

THE SIMPLE GARDEN. By Phœbe Fenwick Gaye. (*Phœnix House ; 9s. 6d.*)

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

THE title of Mr. Maurice Druon's novel, *The Rise of Simon Lachaume*, is a somewhat misleading one, for Lachaume's character has not even the negative significance which might attach itself to a Mr. Pim round whom the drama of others may whirl. He is just an uninteresting young schoolmaster from the country who by chance and some ambition finds himself in the counsels of the great. Summoned to the bedside of a dying poet of great eminence, Jean de la Monnerie, because he has devoted a doctoral thesis to the poet's work, Lachaume is caught up in the affairs of the families connected with de la Monnerie, the bankers and newspaper-owners, the Ministers and magnates of inter-war France. But he becomes forgotten, even by the author, it seems, as the stories of these people are unfolded, and his own story, his inheritance of the poet's mistress and his advancement to the position of a banker's right-hand man, is the least interesting among them. M. Druon tells of the bitter hatred between Baron Noel Schoudler and the debauched and cunning Lucien Maublanc, which causes one case of suicide and one of hideous insanity ; he describes the marriage of the poet's niece Isabel d'Huisnes with the elderly Olivier Meignerais, a marriage of convenience which turned almost to a love-match ; he gives us portraits of two hard-headed young women from a night club who succeed curiously in their ambitions, and of the Dr. Lartois, who succeeds paradoxically in his, of many other people whose comedies and tragedies are interwoven with consummate skill in the main theme, which is of the decline of the *haute bourgeoisie* in France. He writes with such assurance, such authority, and yet with such genius for telling detail and the moving aside, that he carries the reader into his world of vast monetary speculations, invidiousness, passionate immorality and chill disillusionment. As Galsworthy once did, he traces the decline of a whole class in the stories of a number of individuals, and he does it without labouring his point or forgetting that his first concern is to tell a story. This seems to me to be an important book.

ALSO set in Paris is Miss Angela Wyndham Lewis's *Call Me Early*, but this is a somewhat trivial novelette about a gauche and not very attractive provincial English girl sent to a *pension* to study French. She has her first love-affair, a conventional one with a young American called Bill Wyatt, who has a job at his Embassy. It drags on through a number of evenings, discussed and almost shared by several other young women who tell Rosemary how to dress and behave in dialogue reminiscent of Angela Brazil's stories. Rosemary thought Bill "so handsome in his white tie and tails that she could hardly take her eyes off him," but "when she was away from Bill, now that this feeling of uncertainty and frustration coloured all her feelings, instead of the first ecstatic feeling of love, Rosemary began to suffer remorse and guilt." And no wonder, for soon Bill tells her that he can't marry her, because "We're forbidden by law to marry foreign girls ; it's one of the rules of the Service." Worse than that he seems to like other girls from the *pension* as well as he likes her, and although he sends her expensive perfume called "Forbidden Paradise" when she is ill, it is brought to her by a young woman with whom he has been lunching. So Rosemary gets over it and goes back to Guildford, where she is delighted to be with her family. "She looked at the crisply golden roast potatoes, at the steaming dishes of artichokes and brussels sprouts, and the jug of thick brown gravy. 'I never had anything nicer the whole time I was in Paris. And oh I did miss proper gravy,' she said, helping herself shamelessly. 'I don't know if it's Bisto or what it is, but they haven't got a clue.'" From which it may be seen that it is difficult to feel much sympathy with Rosemary, and though Right was on her side, I was on Bill's.

BERTRAND RUSSELL, whose eightieth birthday is on May 17, as Low sees him. This pencil portrait-caricature is one of the fifty in *Low's Company*, recently published by Methuen and Co., 42s. The sketches are accompanied by verses by Helen Spalding and L. A. G. Strong, and though Low and his commentators do not always see the subject eye to eye, they each "disclaim responsibility for the other's part"—nevertheless, the Company is an extremely happy and enjoyable one.

IT was high time that a comprehensive biography of Mrs. Gaskell should appear and *Elizabeth Gaskell*, by A. B. Hopkins, is certainly that. Miss Hopkins has been able to examine unpublished family letters, and she has sifted the published materials with a fine flair for selection and interpretation. She tells the story of this remarkable and lovable woman in a straightforward way, with necessary explanation of the social problems and philanthropical issues which were of such concern to Mrs. Gaskell. She handles the vexed questions which arose after Mrs. Gaskell had published her *Life of Charlotte Brontë* with admirable detachment, admitting the indiscretion of her attack on Mrs. Robinson (Lady Scott), "that bad woman who corrupted Branwell Brontë," but otherwise leaving the reader to adopt his own form of partisanship in this ancient and evergreen controversy. She rightly stresses the comparative importance of the novels which Mrs. Gaskell wrote, apart from *Cranford*, quoting Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's remark : "Few people go further than explore *Cranford*, believing that they have captured the secret of Mrs. Gaskell." After pointing out what she considers the technical weaknesses of that magnificent novel *Sylvia's Lovers*, for instance, Miss Hopkins says that its characters "fairly step out from the pages," and that Sylvia Robson is one of the most delightful of English heroines, dicta with which modern readers of the book are likely to agree. It is only when she comes in her last chapter to "place" her subject among other novelists that she is apt to measure and scale various talents in a way which I find a trifle irritating. But this only slightly detracts from the value of a scrupulous and level-headed biography.

IN a small, attractive-looking book, *The Simple Garden*, Miss Phœbe Fenwick Gaye shows herself to be that dangerous being—a writer on gardening with strong theories of her own. Indeed, it is with theory rather than practice in the how-to-do-it sense that her thesis is chiefly concerned. Her object, she says, is "to help to-day's gardener to equate the time-space problem," for too many gardens have been designed in the belief that there would always be an employed gardener and to-day take time and money which householders cannot afford. For this she suggests eliminating six out of twelve beds, turfing over "the ancient rockery," throwing all the erica on the bonfire, "ruthlessly discarding every possible plant which is not essential to your Simple Garden scheme," considering a brick, cement, breeze-block or stone wall to save precious time in using the shears, growing plums, "the most labour-saving fruit of all," regarding annuals as flowers mainly for retired couples, substituting dwarf or self-supporting plants for those which need staking, preferring the tree-lupin to other lupins, choosing climbing roses, *not* ramblers, which "cannot be tolerated on any terms whatever in the simple garden," only retaining the dahlia family if it happens to be a particular favourite, and never watering. These seem to me the gloomiest and most forbidding of proposals, and most gardeners, I think, would give up gardening altogether rather than carry labour-saving to these lengths.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

ENGLISH COSTUME.
By Doreen Yarwood. (*Batsford ; 35s.*)

This invaluable reference book traces in a terse, utilitarian way the development of costume, man's and woman's, to the present day, illustrating it with line drawings.

I MARRIED AN ARAB.
By Mary Winifred Bushakra. (*Gollancz ; 16s.*)

Autobiographical details of a woman born in the United States who describes her home on Mount Lebanon and whose husband tells her, as she informs us, "You are like a volcano, just resting a little and gathering energy."

ALL NEXT WEEK.
By Alex Atkinson. (*Peter Davies ; 12s. 6d.*)

Life in a provincial repertory company.

OVER AND DONE WITH.
By E. H. Clements. (*Hodder and Stoughton ; 12s. 6d.*)

A sensational novel of the old, le Queux school, but most proficiently done.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE CORPSE.
By Max Murray. (*Michael Joseph ; 10s. 6d.*)

Murder of an Australian Cabinet Minister, with subsequent mystery and detection done with this author's usual slickness.

CALENDAR OF CRIME.
By Ellery Queen. (*Gollancz ; 10s. 6d.*)

Twelve short stories. Up to standard.

Our Fashion Portfolio

★

THE BIBURYS GO VISITING

★

Mrs. Bibury is bringing out her daughter Charlotte, for whom she has already given a coming-out dance : the clothes they wore for this and other parties on the same day appeared in our issue of April 9. After a busy fortnight, Mrs. Bibury's younger daughter Caroline had a day off from school and she and Charlotte were taken shopping by their mother (*The Sketch*, April 23).

Caroline is now back at school, so on Saturday Charlotte went off to play tennis with some friends. Mrs. Bibury, after an early afternoon round of golf, went to see her sister, Mrs. Curtis, whose two children, Hugo, seven, and Sarah, five, were playing indoors at their Chelsea flat. Later Mrs. Curtis, whose dress allowance is rather more limited, got ready to go out to a cocktail party, and Mrs. Bibury changed for a theatre. Charlotte, who was also going, called for her mother, and they went off together in good time for the show. (See following pages.)

Exercise is Charlotte's method of slimming, so after lunch she went off along the Embankment to the tennis courts. Her white sharkskin tennis dress is a Brilkie model with cap sleeves, a plain back, pleated skirt, and buttons through all the way down. Matching panties are joined in at the waist. Available in sizes 12—18, price 79s. 6d. from Peter Jones, Sloane Square, and Draffens, of Dundee.

Her tennis racket is an F.G. tournament model (£6 7s. 6d.) from Gordon Lowe Sports, Knightsbridge. The Dunlop shoes (15s. 3d.) and six tennis balls (15s.) are also from Gordon Lowe.

The snug velour jacket for wearing "before and after" has a shawl collar, raglan sleeves and slanting pockets. Fully lined, it comes in all sizes in green, red, off-white, yellow and dark turquoise. About 9 gns., from Aquascutum.

Feature specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by W. J. Pilkington.

(Continued overleaf.)

Our Fashion Portfolio

THE BIBURYS GO VISITING

(Continued)

Mrs. Bibury, after a quick round of golf, arrives at her sister's flat, carrying a suitcase with a convenient change of clothes. She is wearing one of the new Daks skirts, in grey worsted flannel with an inverted pleat back and front. Waist sizes 25—30, price £6 10s ; also made in lovat, brôwn and navy.

Her cotton poplin shirt-blouse is available in many colours (she chose pale yellow) at £3 2s. 6d. in usual sizes. The snappy little yellow jersey waistcoat has unusual buttoning. Made to order in a variety of colours, it costs £4 10s. Her comfortable brown golf shoes have moulded rubber soles, and are made in sizes and half-sizes, 3—8, price £4 9s. 6d. The gay tartan golf bag is 7 gns. All golf clothes and accessories from Simpsons of Piccadilly.

Mrs. Bibury's lightweight handy suitcase is an "Aerobag" in cream waterproof canvas edged with tan hide. Price £11 10s., from Revelation.

Glad to relax with a cigarette, Mrs. Bibury accepts a light from her sister. Both women wear dresses by John Selby, though Mrs. Curtis's is less expensive because of her more slender purse. Made in French matt crêpe with a blue and white "pied de poule" design, it has a long, flattering cross-over bodice, and a full skirt with unpressed pleats falling from the pockets. Also obtainable in navy, cherry and tan (with white), price £3 17s. 6d., sizes 36—40 hip. From Gorringes; Henderson's, Liverpool; and Jones of Sunderland.

Her pretty white canvas and lace sling-back shoes cost 75s. at Lotus, of Bond Street.

Mrs. Bibury changed into a tan-coloured dress in fine Swiss broderie with a bayadere pattern—you can see it again overleaf. She liked the cool, cap sleeves, large revers, jutting patch pockets, and full, flared skirt. Also to be had in café, lime and tangerine, plus narrow black patent belt, at approximately £7 10s., hip sizes 36—42, from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge; William Henderson, Liverpool; and Plummer Roddis, Bournemouth.

The lightweight russet suède Court shoes (also made in other colours) came from Mondaine, Bond Street, and Knightsbridge. Price £4 19s. 6d.

(Continued overleaf.)

Our Fashion Portfolio

THE BIBURYS GO VISITING

(Continued)

Left:
Meanwhile, the children are amusing themselves in the playroom.

Fashions obviously mean nothing to Hugo, who is completely absorbed with his model railway. Sarah, however, is beginning to take quite a feminine interest in clothes. She particularly liked this blue cotton frock with "woodland" stripes. Puff sleeves and pockets are edged with elastic (perhaps that hankie won't be lost for once!). The white piqué collar is finished with blue. Price, including matching knickers, 33s. 1d. (ages 5—7).

Mrs. Curtis chose Sarah's sandals in the useful colour of beige to "go" with everything. They are also available in blue or red and cost 23s.

Hugo's strong, fully-lined grey cotton drill shorts have an elastic waistband and buckle front, and a patch pocket at the back. Colours include khaki, blue and brown. Price 13s. (ages 4—8). His multi-striped tee-shirt is in blue, grey and white, price 10s. 9d. (ages 3—9) and his brown Clark's sandals have a crêpe sole; price 20s. 9d.

All from Derry and Toms, of Kensington. Prices quoted are proportionate to sizes.

Right:
It looks as if the children are discussing the merits of their nightcap! Hugo is delighted with his red foulard dressing-gown which is really "just like Daddy's." Price 40s. 6d. His striped poplin pyjamas are 31s. 5d. (ages 4—7). Sturdy black "Albert" slippers come at 14s. 6d. (ages 5—11).

Sarah's button-through blue-and-white-spotted seersucker dressing-gown is most pleasing to a clothes-conscious five-year-old. It has large slip pockets, and the collar and cuffs are trimmed with white and blue spotted material. Price 33s. 9d. (ages 5—10), it is also available in red with white spots. Her white Aertex nightdress (only just visible beneath her dressing-gown) is cool in summer, warm in winter. Obtainable with pink, blue or yellow collar and sleeve piping, price 17s. 11d. (ages 5—10). Her blue leather, fleecy-lined slippers are 15s. 6d. All from Gorringes and here again prices are proportionate to sizes.

Having put the children to bed, Mrs. Curtis changed for her cocktail party and here Mrs. Bibury scrutinises her sister's appearance. The navy-blue coat-dress in sheer cotton voile (a Tootal uncrushable material) has a permanently-pleated skirt. White, pure silk organza is used for the shawl collar and wide cuffs on the three-quarter sleeves. The strapless, faille underskirt has a full, flared skirt, and the top is finished with a band of the white organza. Mrs. Bibury thought this Bel Robe model was an excellent buy for approximately 16 gns., as the underskirt could be worn by itself as a short evening dress, so Mrs. Curtis really had two dresses for the price of one. Stockists are Marcelle of Knightsbridge ; Henningtons, Brighton ; and Doris Leigh, Manchester.

The attractive navy and white straw hat is trimmed with navy veiling, and has a white organza rose at one side. A Connor model, Dickins and Jones stock it at about 35s.

Her fine suède navy court shoes are £5 2s. 9d. from Lotus, Bond Street, and her navy silk jersey gloves from Selfridges at 1 gn. have an interesting "tulip" top.

Mrs. Curtis's navy grosgrain handbag is 65s. ; the three-string pearl necklace (£3 12s. 6d.) and diamanté and pearl ear-rings (12s. 6d.) are all from Manvins of South Audley Street. Mrs. Bibury's jewellery, a "Palladium Suite," cost about £85.

(Continued overleaf.)

Our Fashion Portfolio

THE BIBURYS GO VISITING

(Continued)

Pausing on the narrow staircase outside the flat, Mrs. Bibury and Charlotte wave good-bye to Mrs. Curtis on their way to the theatre. Charlotte's strapless, full-skirted dress and bolero is an Elmoor model in heavy white piqué. A large bow in the same material adds detail to the plain, boned top. She added the cape stole for additional "coverage." From Hunts, of Bond Street (sizes 12—18). Dress and bolero about £8, stole at £5 10s. Her dainty white, hand-plaited leather sandals (available with either a high or medium heel) are £3 19s. 6d. from Mondaine, Bond Street and Knightsbridge. The white, straw-finished plastic drawstring bag (barely visible) at 29s. 6d., and French white nylon gloves (23s. 11d.) are both from Selfridges.

Mrs. Bibury wears Henri's cinnamon-coloured, pure silk shantung organza dress. It has a completely circular skirt, and tiers on the bodice form cap sleeves. Obtainable in most usual sizes from Marshall and Snelgrove (Speciality Gowns Dept.) and Jenners, of Edinburgh. Price about 24½ gns. The soft pink rose at the waist is matched by her French pink suède gloves (57s. 8d. at Selfridges). On her arm she carries a blue fox cape by Brenner Furs (79 gns.). The hand-made beaded bag is 4 gns., from Manvins. Her unusual palladium and diamond brooch and ear-clips add a luxurious finishing touch. Brooch £250; Ear-clips £130.

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE THE BIBURYS WILL BE SHOWING YOU THEIR ASCOT AND GARDEN-PARTY DRESSES.

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★ AT THE CINEMA ★

with C. A. LEJEUNE

JEAN RENOIR, director of that fascinatingly delicate little film, *Une Partie de Compagne*, has won a fresh feather for his cap with *The River*, a picture he made in India for an American company.

The River is based on a book by Rumer Godden, and tells the simple and touching story of an English girl, Harriet, the eldest of a large family of children, growing up in a bungalow with a garden beside the Ganges. At fourteen, she is just reaching the age for romance; "running away from childhood, rushing towards love." A young American, who has lost his leg in the war, comes to stay with a neighbour, and the girl quite simply lays her heart in his hand. He is a kind and courteous young man, but he doesn't know what to do with this sudden and awkward gift, any more than he knows what to do with the maturer affections of Harriet's two special friends, red-headed Valerie, the dashing daughter of the owner of the jute press, and quiet, exquisite Melanie, whose mother was an Indian woman.

Nothing comes of any of these three tentative romances, except that each of the three young girls becomes a little more of a woman, and the American discovers, before he leaves India, that "with everything that happens to you—with everyone you meet who is important to you—you die a little bit, or are born." The film is a memory story, and like all memory stories, its outlines are softened with a kind of golden dust, so that even the sad things—the death of Harriet's little brother from snake-bite, for instance—are not acutely painful, but simply take their place among the far more happy things in the picture of long ago. Harriet remembers the *scenes* of her first love and first loss, even more vividly than she remembers love and loss itself. She remembers, and shows us the Ganges, with scarlet blossoms floating on the river; the hurried flight of birds, the slow movements of boats; the countless flights of steps dipping down into the water; lovely slender steps, and steps leading to temples; poor ruined steps; and rich ones, busy with merchandise; the Hindu festival of lights, with hundreds and thousands of little lamps, burning in memory of the war between good and evil; the still green water, sails at sundown, the busy bazaars, the quiet garden, and the clouds of coloured dust—vermilion red and magenta—that the Hindus scattered at festival times.

I could go on for pages talking about the enchantments of this beautiful little picture, but I would much rather persuade you to go and see it. You should like the acting, I think. It is very simple. The only actors' names that are familiar to me in the cast are those of Esmond Knight and Nora Swinburne, who play Harriet's understanding parents, and Arthur Shields (Barry Fitzgerald's brother), who plays the father of the dark-skinned Melanie. The three girls themselves, Patricia Walters as Harriet, Adrienne Corri as Valerie, and the Indian actress Radha as Melanie, seem exactly right for the occasion. Miss Walters in particular charmed me; an earnest young thing in a simple blue dress, with a puckered forehead, a breathless style and a fascinating lack of glamour. "I hate *bodies*," she says candidly, "I hate 'willy-nilly.' I hate roast potato and peas, they're horrid and cruel." "Mother, am I beautiful?" she says. "Mother, I want to be *outstandingly* beautiful." "You have an interesting little face," replies her mother candidly, "and nice eyes." I thought that very true, very comforting and very sweet.

British films about the colour problem are rare, and I certainly don't remember seeing one before of the scale and enterprise of *Cry, the Beloved Country*. If this version of Alan Paton's book offers no hard-and-fast solution to the problem of the dreadful tensions that exist between the white people and the black people in South Africa, it does at least succeed in putting them on record in a big way, with considerable force and sincerity.

The leading character of *Cry, the Beloved Country*, as you may remember, is a simple coloured clergyman from the hill country round Natal, who makes the, to him, bewildering journey to Johannesburg to seek out his sister and his son, in the big city. Thereafter he is beset by troubles as many and severe as Job's, from the discovery that his sister has become a shanty-town prostitute to the knowledge that his son, after seducing and deserting a sixteen-year-old girl, has taken to robbery with violence, and murdered one of the best white friends the coloured people ever had. The clergyman's grief and shame is sharpened by the fact that the murdered man is the only son of a farmer from his own hill district. "I remember the boy well. There was a brightness in him."

Up to this point the farmer has been notoriously indifferent to the plight of the negroes, and Mr. Paton perhaps puts a bit of a strain on our credulity by suggesting that the loss of the two sons—for the murderer is inevitably condemned to death—not only brings the fathers together, but converts the white man into a benefactor who is prepared to build a fine new church for the pastor's ragged flock. But it is the purpose of *Cry, the Beloved Country* to suggest that out of hatred love may come, and from bitter ends, the hope of a new beginning.

A sombre picture in the main, with appalling glimpses of the squalor and futility of life in a native shanty-town, but the atmosphere is by no means one of unrelieved gloom. That coloured people have their jokes as well as their miseries is delightfully proved during the course of the pastor's journey to the city in a crowded train, from which an experienced traveller gives a running commentary on the landmarks they pass, including a few choice words on the whims of white men who dig up gold from the ground, only to send it to America and bury it again. Very pleasant, too, are the scenes in a Johannesburg mission-house, where white and coloured priests live together in perfect amity, and enjoy their own sort of simple fun.

The acting all through the film is fine. In the main part, Canada Lee, who is required to be unremittingly noble and troubled from first to last, yet manages to shade his characterisation subtly, and never lets us feel his woes monotonous. Charles Carson, as the farmer, does very well indeed, and Joyce Carey, whom it is usual to associate with Noël Coward plays, is both dignified and touching as his sick wife. Of the rest, I liked particularly Sidney Poitier's eager picture of a helpful young city priest, and Michael Goodliffe, as the head of a reformatory, who has been driven by the responsibilities of his job almost to the point of nervous breakdown.

Jeannot l'Intrepide is the first full-length cartoon film to reach this country from France. It tells the story of a small boy scout who sets out to rid the forest of a giant. His companions are captured, but, with the aid of a swarm of forest insects whom he saves from a dragon, he is able to rescue them and imprison the giant.

Much of the film is taken up with mildly satirical treatment of the community of insects and the conduct of the beehive, in a way more reminiscent of *Hoppity Goes to Town* than of Swift or Capek. Apart from this, the film is a mixture of Disney and Perrault, which just seems to miss the unerring competence of the one without grasping more than tentatively the childhood charm of the other. The best things in it derive from the mechanical ingenuity of the conceptions and the draughtsmanship (and Jean Image, who created it, can hardly be faulted on fertility of invention). The worst show a giant who might have stepped straight out of a tooth-paste advertisement into the comic strips of a Parisian newspaper. The colour is generally unremarkable, the sound track remarkable chiefly for its unrelenting stridency. What little dialogue there is, has been dubbed into English without offence.

THE RIVER: A Renoir picture filmed in India, which our critic "would much rather persuade you to go and see" than merely talk about it.

CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY: The coloured clergyman's long search for his son ends in prison, where the son is awaiting trial for the murder of a white man.

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THE WORLD OF MOTORING

Motorists Contribute £338,000,000 a Year to the Public Purse

By William Hartley

MOTORING, in all its spheres, is very much to the fore just now. Indeed, one is tempted to use the title "The Motoring World," for it would most certainly apply at least to the western half of the globe. Almost every day we read of something of interest to motorists; questions about new car deliveries, in the House of Commons, plans for allocation of new cars by the Motor Trade, and manufacturers' efforts in the world markets.

We applaud the efforts of the trade to ensure a higher degree of fairness over new car allocations here, but I often wonder if the number of cases where people have had more than one new post-war car really justifies the rumpus that it seems to have caused. The number of people side-tracked by such happenings must be small compared to the vast number who are waiting for new cars, or, at least, to buy a post-war car second-hand. My feeling is that what really matters is the total number of new cars that are released for home use. We shall never be rid of heartburn in this connection until very many more cars from the factories can come to us in this country. I have heard of a move to relate the number of cars so released to the number exported instead of simply releasing a fixed number. That would surely be better and more fair. And directly the arms drive allows, all the interested parties should press together for a greater home proportion of output. The time is coming when it will be important to the transport of the country, for most cars these days perform business functions.

The motorists' contribution to the Exchequer should also be taken into account. This year the figure will amount to about £306,000,000, and that does not include purchase tax, which will produce another £32,000,000. Truly, motoring is making a tremendous contribution to the national effort. Whilst we bow to the national need, we must look for relief, in taxation and new cars, as soon as possible.

SINCE economy is the theme it is appropriate that this time I should be able to record some journeys with the Morris "Minor." What a grand busy little car it is, too. I say "busy" and continue to liken it to the bee, for it buzzes about so happily! I admit that for the few days I had it, the "Minor" attracted me so much that I was buzzing about here and there for the pleasure of it. The two-door saloon I used seemed remarkable in its space for my family of four, with an ample boot that has not encroached on body space. We spun along narrow country lanes near my home, and I made a night journey from Lancashire to Gloucestershire in most excellent time. On not very good roads, an average of almost 40 m.p.h. was achieved with petrol consumption rather over 36 miles to the gallon. An all-round performance that made me realise what a useful little car this is. In the traffic of Birmingham and of Liverpool, it was pleasant to require so little space.

The general finish and the seating, and so on, are not lacking and, weighed against the cost, very good. I would ask for a better horn as standard, and I would, perhaps, make some alteration to the driving seat for one of my bulk. But once again, I know things like this can be dealt with to suit one's own ideas, and some days' use of the car made me understand just why it is in such big demand. Its road performance is quite remarkable. I would be well satisfied with the standard tune. Mr. Stirling Moss, who used a "Minor" for moving from race meeting to race meeting, made some special modifications to the engine and achieved some very remarkable results indeed. This operation, by the way, was described by my good friend Raymond Baxter of the B.B.C., with his usual neat turn of phrase, as "stirlingising!" And all that just confirms what a good basic design it possesses.

And I would like to add that the illustrated operation manual that goes with it is one of the best I have seen.

NOW from a car being produced in very large numbers to one that is a singleton. Mr. A. Godfrey Imhof, the very keen and successful Rally and Trials driver, has designed and built a new body for his Allard (or, rather, one of them!). This is not the first time, as he designed the two-seater for the Allard J.1, and it was subsequently adopted by Monte Carlo winner Sidney Allard for production.

Godfrey Imhof knows his motoring and he likes to select features for his cars. He set out this time to combine a British Sports Chassis, a large capacity American engine, and a body in Continental style. The result, I must say, is pleasing to the eye indeed. Tests so far made with this car prove it to be very fast. Fitted with the enlarged Ford V-8 engine, it does just over 100 m.p.h.; with the larger Cadillac unit, which is interchangeable, it should do 130 m.p.h. The acceleration times are very good, too, and the streamline has proved its worth in comparison with other bodies on similar chassis.

The Imhof-Allard, made by Allard and designed by Imhof to combine in his view the three best features of British, American and Continental cars.

I SUPPOSE most motorists in this country sooner or later plunge into the metropolis with their cars. In any case, a very large percentage of the cars registered are based in the Home Counties. Now to enter London with a car is quite an undertaking for those not used to it, but I can think of no better companion than the *R.A.C. Guide and Handbook*. I have been looking through the latest edition, and the wealth of information contained is most useful. It seems to present a complete driver's vade-mecum—and all for 5s., too. Very worth while.

THE Bugatti Owners' Club have just held their Annual Opening Rally at Prescott, in Gloucestershire. How these enthusiasts do worship at the throne of Bugatti! I must say, viewing some magnificent examples of the Master's production which came to the Rally, that the engineering beauty is truly there. And what a setting Prescott Hill makes. If you want to enjoy some exciting motor sport in glorious surroundings amid glorious views, I suggest Prescott Hill Climb as one place to try. For those who know it, I might add that spectator vision has been improved this season by some hedge-laying operations. With National and International events on the schedule, that is of great importance.

Seven of the sixteen cars that attended the Bugatti Owners' Club rally at Prescott, Glos. *L. to r.* R. C. Symondson's type 57S; W. D. Porter's type 57C; J. J. Virr's type 57; W. A. L. Cook's type 57SC; C. W. P. Hampton's type 57SC; M. Pryor's type 55; J. G. H. Carter's type 57.

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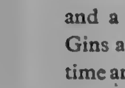

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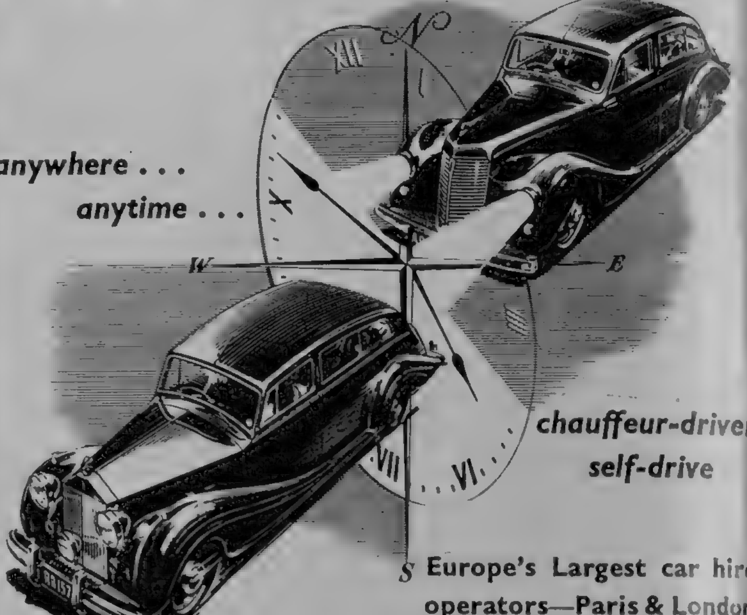

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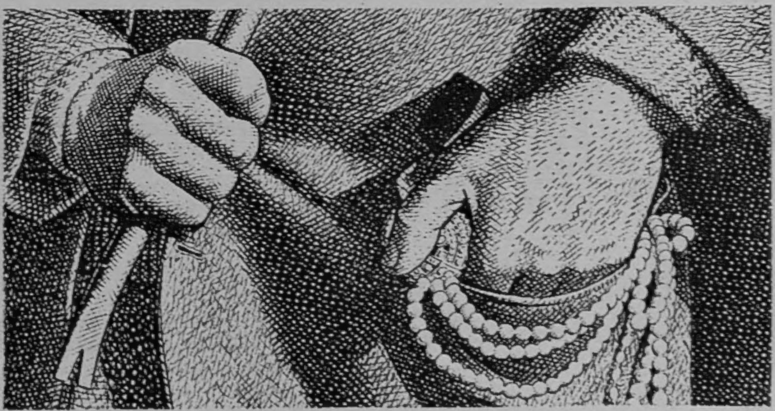

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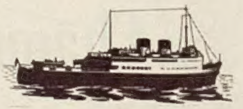

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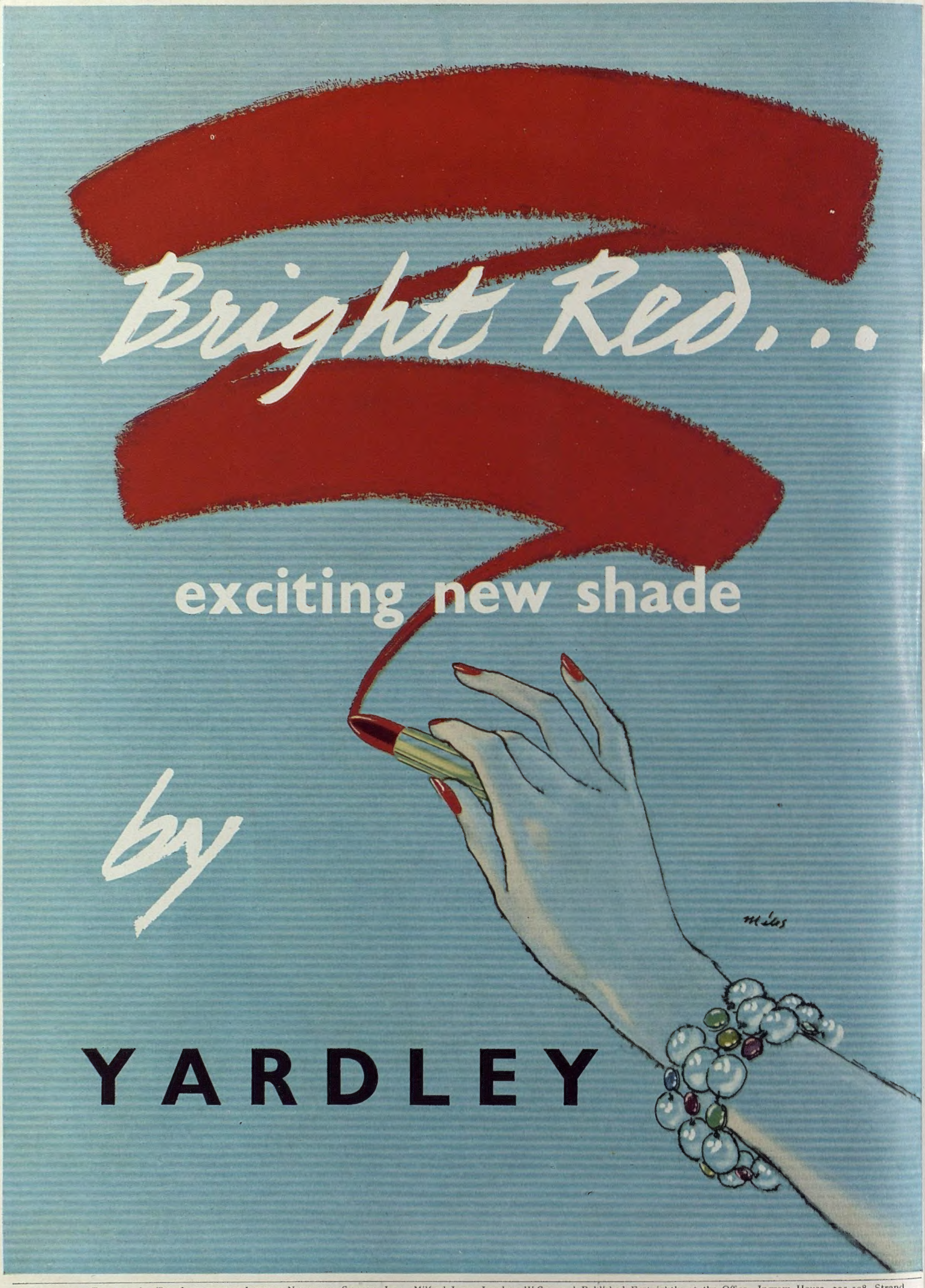

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Fortnightly at the Office, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1952. Re-entered as Second-Class Matter, August 15, 1941, at the Post Office at New York (N.Y.), under the Act of March 3, 1879.
POSTAGE RATES:—INLAND 2d. CANADA 1½d. ELSEWHERE ABROAD 2½d.